

State Normal Magazine

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Thanksgiving

May McQueen, '14, Adelphian

The autumn vict'ry o'er the woods is won.
Behold the prostrate leaves upon the ground
In mute submission lie, the hush profound
A solemn tribute to the summer gone.
Yet mourn not those bright days already done,
For rich rewards have now our labor crowned:
The woods with nuts, the fields with fruits abound,
And game in plenty waits the hunter's gun.
'Tis now with songs of grateful praise we come
For mercies that have blessed us all the year;
An offering to the God of love we bring,
In adoration raise to Him our harvest-home.
And at His altar kneeling comes this prayer
That He will keep us ever in His care.



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Cornelius Harnett

Mary Worth, '15, Cornelian

Until the year 1725 there were no permanent settlements along the lower Cape Fear River. It was at this time that Colonel Maurice Moore bought a large tract of land, about twelve miles above the mouth of the river, and laid off the town of Brunswick, which soon became a thriving place.

But it was not long before the little town had a formidable rival in a new town, which was afterwards called Wilmington, farther up the river at a more favorable location.

Among the early settlers of Brunswick was a man named Cornelius Harnett, who had formerly been living in Chowan County. In June, 1726, Harnett bought two lots from Col. Moore on condition that within eight months he build "good habitable houses" on them. Thus it came about that the father of the future leader of the Cape Fear section became a resident of the place of his son's future greatness.

On April 20th, 1723, the younger Cornelius Harnett was born in Chowan County. He was only three years old when his parents moved to Brunswick to live, and he therefore had the good fortune of growing up with the people with whom he was to be so closely identified. He grew up with the community and entered into leadership at the time when the Cape Fear section took the position in the state that had heretofore been held by the Albemarle section.

As the town of Wilmington flourished, the settlement of Brunswick, farther down the river, began to decline, and we are told that the younger Cornelius Harnett, with whom we are chiefly concerned, soon moved there to live.

On April 7th, 1741, Harnett was appointed by Gov. Johnston, justice of the peace for New Hanover County. This was his first public service and it showed his remarkable ability to such an extent that in August he was made a Commissioner of Wilmington. Discontinuously he served in this capacity for eleven years. Although these positions amounted to little in themselves in comparison with what he was to do later; yet it was in the faithful performance of these official duties that the people saw the possibilities of the man.

In 1754 Harnett was elected a member of the Colonial Assembly, and in all the remaining twelve Assemblies under Royal Governors, he continued in this position. During all this time he was the champion of the people in resisting the unjust demands of the Governors. He was thoroughly imbued with the spirit, customs, feelings, and virtues of the people he was working for. Connor says, "to write an account of his services during these years would be to write the history of the Assembly for that decade. He was one of the leaders of the leaders." This work was excellent training, for Harnett was more ably prepared to lead in resisting the unjust laws brought in later with Tryon and the Stamp Act.

There was "nothing dramatic about Harnett's career, no eloquence as Hooper's, no military genius as Caswell's but his ability, wealth and geniality made him a leader." Dr. C. Alphonso Smith says, "he was the mightiest single force in the Revolution in North Carolina."

Before the passage of the Stamp Act in England, the Colonial Assembly appointed a committee, of which Harnett was a member, to join with the other colonies in resisting injustice. Therefore, when the first Assembly under Governor Tryon met on May 3rd, 1763, and the Governor asked Speaker Ashe how the state would receive the Stamp Act, he was answered by the words, "We will resist it to the death." The Governor promptly prorogued the Assembly so that no action could be taken.

In spite of this and the terribly hot summer that followed, marked by sickness and failure of crops, the people of the Cape Fear section made a stubborn fight against the

enforcement of the Stamp Act. Lord Bute was burned in effigy and there were celebrations over an effigy of Liberty. William Houston, the stamp agent, was forced to resign and Andrew Steward, the editor of the Gazette, was made to promise that he would print his paper without stamps on it. Amid the cheers of the crowd all officials were forced to take an oath, promising not to enforce the hated act. The crew of the "Viper" were forbidden to land, and no provisions were given them, because they seized two small vessels which left the harbor without stamps on their clearance papers. In all this resistance Harnett was the central figure. He was leader and spokesman of the expedition to Governor Tryon's home, to force the resignation of Pennington, an officer of the King, who had fled to the Governor for protection.

This resistance was so effective that when the sloop of war, "Diligence," arrived at Brunswick with stamps, none were taken off. No one else can justly claim the credit due to Cornelius Harnett for his great work in completely defeating the Stamp Act. It has been said that the germ of union was born in the contest.

The first step in the union of the colonies was the organization of the people into the Non-importation Association, which agreed to strive to manufacture the necessary articles at home and not to pay the exorbitant prices on England's imported goods. Under Harnett's leadership the people of the Cape Fear section, who were the greatest importers of the colony, determined to enforce the laws of the association.

When the trouble with the Regulators began, Harnett was in thorough sympathy with them, and advocated measures of relief in the Assembly. But as the Regulators became so violent and lawless, Harnett, realizing that the authorities in England made, and could see no difference between the uprising of the Regulators and the widespread spirit of independence over the colonies, did all in his power to put down this civil strife when union was most needed.

After Tryon's administration and the repeal of the Stamp Act, Josiah Martin became Governor of North Carolina. He came at a time when the province was disturbed with many questions. Chief among these questions were the court law,

the boundary line, and the debt with the Regulators. There were many hot discussions over these questions between the Governor and the people.

This breach between the Governor and the Assembly made it necessary for the leaders of the colony to devise some plan for united action between the colonies. By this time Harnett, through his untiring services, had won the confidence and respect of the people.

In March, 1773, Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, came on a visit to the Cape Fear section. He spent his time there in discussing the affairs of the colonies with Harnett, whom he called "the Samuel Adams of North Carolina". They discussed the plan of a committee of correspondence between the colonies, that had been in operation in Virginia and Massachusetts. This plan was adopted at the next Assembly and Cornelius Harnett was a member of the committee appointed. This was the first time the colonies had any bond of union other than their mutual allegiance to England. Harnett was the spirit of the committee.

When there were rumors of a Continental Congress, Martin promptly prorogued the Assembly so that delegates could not be elected. But Harvey, with the help of Harnett and others, urged a meeting of the people. On July 21st, Harnett was the chief one in bringing the inhabitants of Wilmington district together at Wilmington, where a circular letter was written and sent throughout the state calling a meeting at Johnston Court House, August 20th, to elect delegates for Philadelphia. The place was afterwards changed to New Bern and the time to the 25th. At this convention the counties and large towns were authorized to organize committees of safety as there was no executive power and no courts in the state.

The Wilmington and New Hanover committees were the best organized and the most active in the state. Connor says of these committees, "Cornelius Harnett was the master spirit, the genius, the soul. Their work was his work." He was unanimously elected chairman of the joint committee of Wilmington and New Hanover. "His work here won for him, after the provincial committee was established, not only

a place on that committee, but the chairmanship of it, a place that made him the chief executive of the new born state."

The Governor now no longer had any control over the affairs of government; so in May, 1775, he fled from his palace to Fort Johnston, at the mouth of the Cape Fear, where he began at once to stir up trouble among the negroes and Indians. In a letter to Lord Dartmouth, Martin proscribes Harnett, Howe, Ashe, and Nash as the "foremost patrons of revolt", thus paying them the highest possible tribute.

While the stirring news of Lexington spread and one event followed another in rapid succession, the second Continental Congress met in Philadelphia. John Harvey, the former speaker of the Provincial Congress was dead and Cornelius Harnett was joined by Howe and John Ashe in a letter to Samuel Johnston asking him to call a meeting. This third Provincial Congress met at Hillsboro and Harnett's share in its work was most important. The Congress revised the plan of government, forming a provincial council of thirteen men to be at the head of district, county, and town committees. Hooper, Hewes, and Caswell were elected to the Continental Congress. The success of the new executive department of provincial council depended on the men put in office. The head office of this responsible position was unanimously given to Harnett. Thus he became virtually the first executive of North Carolina.

Under the direction of the council, troops were sent to Moore's Creek. The victory at Moore's Creek put a new aspect on things; there was no longer any hope of reconciliation.

At every Provincial Congress, except the fifth, Harnett was present, and served on almost every important committee. When the provincial council was given more power and its name changed to the Council of Safety, Harnett was still its chief executive.

When the fourth Provincial Congress met in April, 1776, Harnett was appointed chairman of a committee to draw up a draft expressing the feeling of the colony toward England's injustice. This report was made on April 8th, and unanimously adopted. It authorized the continental delegates to

concur with the delegates of the other provinces in declaring independence. "To those who made it it means long years of suffering, to us it means glory."

After the adoption of the draft, the constitution was discussed, but it was postponed till an extra session of the Assembly. On August 1, 1776, Cornelius Harnett had the honor of proclaiming to the people at Halifax the Declaration of Independence adopted at the Continental Congress July 4th, 1776.

Soon after this Congress at Halifax, Harnett was elected a Continental Congressman. For years during the trying times of the Revolution, he served in the Continental Congress, where he was highly esteemed by all who knew him.

In February, 1780, Harnett made his last trip from Philadelphia to his home. His work had been such a strain on him, and he was in such a weakened condition of health that he realized he did not have long to live. During this last year of his life, he had to suffer the indignity of being imprisoned by the British. The cruel treatment he received hastened his death, which came in April, 1781.

Harnett's beautiful old home still stands in a big live oak grove on the eastern bank of the Cape Fear River, just on the edge of Wilmington.

The work Harnett did for independence was recognized by the British to be so great that he and Howe were the only ones excepted from the general pardon offered to the colonists by England. Mr. George Davis calls him "The Pride of the Cape Fear, the life-breathing spirit among the people." Richard Frothingham says, "Harnett was the foremost actor in the Movement for Independence."

What Every Woman Wants

Edith C. Avery, '15, Adelphian

"Suffrage, indeed I wants suffrage. An' I dares you or any man to tell me I ain't fittin' to vote same as you. If I cooks the best pies made in the country as you says, don't you think I might help with that little 'political pie' you and John talks of. Moreover, all you does is to dig ditches in the daytime and set aroun' in my missus' good kitchen of a night. Are—"

"But Mary," expostulated Mike, "I ain't said nothin' agin you or any woman folks' votin'. I just says—"

"You needn't say what you says," snapped Mary. "I knows what all men critters thinks of us women. There's my missus, now, as fine a little woman as breathes an' her young man, as says he loves her, won't hear to her a-keepin' up her work for suffrage and us poor workin' girls. An' the missus says to me, says she, 'Mary, we must not barter away our right to vote. If necessary, we will be martyrs to the cause. An' if necessary'—and then she smiles at herself in the mirror. The cute thing! 'An' if necessary, we will remain old maids.' That's my missus! She'd not give in to that young man. That she wouldn't."

"But see here, Mary, what's yer missus got to do—"

"Now, Mike Lafferty, if you aint' got nothin' better to do than come here insultin' me and my missus, ye'd best clear out."

"Now, Mary, you ain't got no call to talk thataway, but if you wants me to be a leavin' just give me the word—" and he shuffled awkwardly to his feet.

"Yes, that's what I means, Mr. Lafferty. You leave an' come back when you better knows how to treat a lady."

And Mike, with one backward, pleading glance, left.

* * * * *

The scene shifts from kitchen to parlor. The actors change from the cook and her "young man" to "the missus" and her "young man".

"James," said she, "don't you think we women are capable of voting?"

"Don't bother your little head about it, Janet. I'll do it for you."

"I haven't granted you that, remember, and before I do you must promise not to interfere with what I consider my life work."

"Look here, Janet. Haven't we thrashed this thing out before? I want you to make me a home, and in this suffrage business you'd be running all over the country in a wild goose chase after something you women don't really want and wouldn't have if offered to you. Do be sensible—"

"Be sensible? When, pray, have I been otherwise? If you do not find present company quite equal to following your intricate reasoning, I should advise you to seek other."

"You mean you want me to go, Janet?"

"I think it would be rather *sensible*."

And with one backward, pleading glance, James left.

* * * * *

Mistress and maid seemed to find the next week hard and long. Mary meditated in the kitchen at night; her mistress in the parlor. And the thoughts of each were long, long thoughts.

* * * * *

Her next afternoon off, as Mary was out walking, she was surprised and inwardly pleased to feel a touch on her arm and hear Mike's familiar voice greeting her. But with the ever feminine wish to keep someone guessing, she evinced no pleasure and spoke only when necessary.

However, as they turned the corner, she gave a little exclamation. "Ain't that beautiful, Mike, that little house over there?" she cried.

Mike seemed seized with a transport of joy. "It's the little house I've bought for you and me, Mary. I was goin' to tell you about it, but you—any way, do you truly like it, Mary?"

"Do I like it Mike? I loves it."

"An' you are sure it's what you wants?" he inquired anxiously.

“What I wants, Mike?—What I wants? It’s what every woman wants—a home.”

And her little “Votes for Women” ribbon fluttered unnoticed to the ground.

* * * * *

Two hours later, Mary entered the sitting room, where “the missus” was.

“Well, Mary, did you have a pleasant walk?”

“No, mam; yes mam. I promised Mike this afternoon, Miss Janet.”

“Why, Mary! How could you forget the Cause?”

“The Cause! Miss Janet, it ain’t nothin’ to gettin’ what you wants. You thinks you wants to vote and I did think it too, Miss Janet, but what I wants and what every woman of us wants, Miss Janet, is a home. An’ that Mike is givin’ me.”

Mary closed the door softly.

Miss Janet smiled a grim, lonesome little smile. “I seem to be quite deserted,” she murmured.

But she dropped a letter, whose address need not be mentioned, in Uncle Sam’s box that night.

Dreams

Carey Wilson, Cornelian

You told me once that everything worth while
 Originated somewhere in a dream;
 That every smallest deed and word and smile
 Sprung from the heart in kindness, meant a gleam
 Of sunshine into someone else's heart;
 The seed from which a new, fair dream might spring,
 A fabrication made by friendship's art,
 A joy that only helpfulness can bring.
 Therefore, my friend, I would not wish you wealth;
 Instead, I wish the joyousness of health,
 The happiness that comes from minutes full
 Of impress wrought on hearts in passing by,
 Of sweet associations, pure and high,
 Of dreams more lasting and more beautiful.

A Lonely Grave

Daisy Hendley, '16, Adelphian

In a certain country churchyard in Rowan County, this state, one may find a grave marked by a plain marble slab on which the name, "Peter S. Ney," is cut. When one looks at this grave and thinks how it is said by many that beneath this humble stone lies the dust of one of the greatest generals of Napoleon's army, Marshal Ney, one looks again and wonders. I have looked at that slab, and believe sincerely that I stood beside the grave of the illustrious soldier, Marshal Ney.

Nearly every one knows the story of the supposed death, as a traitor, of Marshal Ney at the hands of a body of French soldiers after a trial before the Court of France.

A few years later there appeared in North Carolina a dignified, soldierly man who sought employment as a schoolmaster. He secured a position as teacher of one of those "old field" schools. His salary was very meagre. If people wondered why this man, apparently highly educated and seemingly worthy of a higher position in life, should be content to settle down thus, their curiosity was not satisfied. The man gave his name as Peter S. Ney. He told nothing of his previous life and seemed to resent questions about himself. It was from his life here that there fell many things, which, handed down to us from reliable sources, go to prove that the man was Marshal Ney. He showed himself familiar with military life. He could fence better than any other man in the country. It was while one evening he was engaged in drilling some men in fencing, that a man, a stranger in the country, came riding up and desired to speak with Ney. He and Ney spent the greater part of that night in secret conversation. The next morning the stranger was gone. Was the man Ney's son, as many believed? His identity was never revealed by Ney.

Peter Ney was undoubtedly much interested in France and Napoleon. One day in school he was reading his French

newspaper and saw an account of the death of Napoleon. His pupils say that he was almost overcome. He told them of what he thought to be a terrible calamity which had befallen France, and then he dismissed school for the remainder of the day. He seemed to care less for himself and his mode of living after Napoleon died. It is only natural to suppose that with the death of Napoleon, Marshal Ney, if he were alive and in North Carolina, would feel all hope gone of his returning again in safety to his homeland. After Napoleon died, Ney often drank too much liquor. It was while he was drunk once, and a man was endeavoring to get him on a horse to take him home, that Ney exclaimed, "Ah! Would you use a marshal of the army of France as a bag of meal?" All of these things, together with many other incidents, caused it to be rumored that Peter Ney was Marshal Ney of France.

Finally there came a day when Peter Ney, an old man, but still known as the wise, big-hearted school master, lay on his death bed. He died without making known beyond a doubt his identity and was buried in the country church-yard, already mentioned. He left among his possessions a locked trunk which might have revealed the dead owner's identity. But almost immediately after Ney's death there came a man to the house where the late Peter Ney had boarded and carried the trunk away.

In the face of the foregoing statements there arise many questions. What reason is there to believe that Marshal Ney was not executed? He had powerful friends. The French themselves were not eager to have the noble soldier put to death. Yet it would not have been at all the proper thing for Ney to have gone free *before the world*. After Ney was sentenced to die, his wife came to see him. She came into his presence almost prostrated with grief. She was weeping and lamenting sadly. Her husband whispered something in her ear. It must have been a very cheerful message, for she immediately grew calm and finally left in almost a cheerful mood. He must have told her his life was assured him.

Ney was to be executed by his comrades. He had been a fine soldier himself, and undoubtedly had the admiration and

love of his soldiers. It is not likely that they desired to kill the brave Marshal. It is probable that they would willingly have let him fall to the ground one second before they fired their guns into the space where he had been standing, that they would willingly have borne his living body as dead and set him free.

If all these things are probable why do not the French believe them so and trace up the clues that their famous dead is buried in a secluded churchyard in North Carolina? It is not at all to the credit of the French, if their soldiers did allow Ney to escape, if an underhand affair like that was conducted by them. They are not anxious, quite naturally, to uncover that duplicity.

It is said that Marshal Ney was not a highly educated man, but that Peter Ney was. How is that accounted for if they were the same man? There are a few years of Marshal Ney's life unaccounted for (if he was not executed) between the time of his supposed execution and his appearance in North Carolina. He could have been studying during that interval and preparing to earn his livelihood as a teacher.

I do not know whether or not the world will ever recognize the dead Peter Ney to have been Marshal Ney, of France. I hardly think it ever will. Yet I believe, as do many people, some of whom came in close contact with Peter Ney, that he was no other than Marshal Ney, one of the bravest soldiers in Napoleon's army.

A Night in a Haunted House

Mary Adelaide White, '18, Cornelian

In the quaint little town of Rockford, nestled far down in the green valley below the Ozarks, a crowd of boys were gathered at the city square laughing, talking, and telling ghost stories.

A few miles north of the city limits was an old weather-beaten house that was once inhabited, but the owner of the house was murdered and the family moved away to a distant city. This house was a terror to all the children in the whole country and even the older people avoided passing it alone after dark. The house was said to be haunted and every morning about one o'clock the dim form of a man could be seen entering it from the cellar door carrying a dark lantern. His stealthy steps could be heard, one by one, as he climbed the stairs, and went through the hallway to the east wing of the house where its owner was cruelly murdered. It was also said that the shrieks and screams of the terrified wife could be heard above all other noises.

Jack Day offered Fred Ravenwood a wager of ten dollars if he would go to this house and spend the night. "A Ravenwood never knew the name of fear or cowardice," said Fred proudly as he informed his companions that he would take the wager.

Six o'clock found Fred Ravenwood seated on the steps of the haunted house. As it was autumn the sun had already gone down behind the mountain and its lingering rays cast weird shadows in the valley. Fred racked his memory for a pleasant topic to study about but found none. The weirdness of his situation and all the ghost stories he had ever heard rushed forcibly into his mind.

Soon a light breeze began blowing from the northwest and occasionally the rumble of distant thunder was audible. Fred looked at his watch and to his surprise found that only two weary hours of the twelve had dragged away. Determining to wear off the feeling of dread and fear, he began pac-

ing the floor. The noise of the thunder and the vivid flashes of lightning that preceded it told Fred plainly that a storm was pending.

In less than an hour the storm was raging with all its fury, driving great sheets of water through the paneless windows. In all parts of the house doors creaked on their rusty hinges, window shutters rattled. With the ever increasing fury of the storm Fred's fear increased until his situation was almost unbearable. At every gust of wind the whole house quivered as if it would fall.

To Fred's benumbed senses the minutes seemed like hours. At last with one great peal of thunder that shook the whole mountain, Fred felt the house sinking and jumped to save his life.

The next morning Fred's companions found him lying in an unconscious condition in the once well kept yard. Not until after several hours was Fred able to tell his experience in the haunted house. And really there was very little to tell, for Fred had been unconscious since the moment the lightning had struck the old shade tree standing near the corner of the house. This it was that had given Fred a sense of sinking and caused him to leap in fear from his seat.

It is needless to add that he received the wager.

A History of Alamance Church

Annie Scott, '14, Adelpian

To the Scotch-Irish the church is an institution second only to the home. When these sturdy pioneers from Pennsylvania had formed a settlement on the Granville grant in what is now Guilford County, N. C., they soon began to plan for the establishment of a common place of worship.

One of these settlers, Wm. Cusach, had received a grant of 635 acres of land from Earl Granville, in 1759. This farm was centrally located in the Scotch-Irish settlement; so when it was agreed to organize a church Mr. Cusach was very glad to offer a part of his farm as a site for the structure. All parties concerned were pleased to accept the beautiful wooded knoll bordered on two sides by streams and surrounded by dense primeval forests. The larger of the two streams is now called Little Alamance. The name is probably derived from "Armanchy", a name found in Col. Byrd's diary and referring to a stream in this part of North Carolina.

According to the customs of the time, all parties concerned agreed on a day to come together and begin felling trees for the church. On the appointed day the men, each with an axe came together, and it was proposed by Andrew Finley, a devout man, that before they began their work they should kneel in prayer and seek Divine blessing on their pious enterprise. The axes were placed on the ground, every head was bared, and under the great oaks in God's first temple Mr. Finley voiced their supplication. A log house was soon erected and devoted to the worship of God. This first structure stood on a plateau just north of the graveyard. It is not definitely known just when this structure was begun, but we know it was finished by 1762. This was within less than ten years of the first recorded settlement of the Scotch-Irish in this vicinity, the earliest deed of these settlers as found with the Secretary of State at Raleigh, being dated 1753.

The community which united to organize this church reached from South Buffalo to the Great Alamance and

extended over an area of at least sixteen miles across. It embraced the country now occupied by the congregations of Bethel, Shady Grove, Mt. Pleasant, Mt. Moriah, Pleasant Garden, and Tabernacle Churches; it also included a part of the present site of Greensboro.

The fact that the congregation extended over such a large territory and yet consisted of only twenty-two members leads us to know that each man held a large tract of land. Agriculture was the leading pursuit and our present staples, together with flax, indigo, and probably hemp, were cultivated. Large quantities of butter and honey were made, for the cows found rich pasture in the virgin clover which covered all meadows and cleared spaces and the bees sipped honey from numerous varieties of wild flowers. Even in this primeval settlement the Scotchman retained his national characteristic and utilized much of the honey in making metheglin, a drink which was used with stronger beverages. Among the men there were smiths, hatters, shoemakers, carpenters, joiners, mill wrights, tailors, coopers, tinkers, tanners, and cloth printers. Almost every farmer made all the articles used on his farm. What is now Young's Mill was a grist mill opened by the Cusachs as early as the founding of the church.

The women, equally as accomplished as their husbands, made these rude houses in the forest, homes of sweet contentment. They wove their own linen sheets, table cloths, and towels as well as all the material used in clothing their families. The sewing was all done by hand, and specimens preserved by descendants of these early settlers testify to their skill with the needle. Some genuine English broadcloth was worn, but the fine gear for boys and mostly for men was a fulled woolen cloth made at home.

There was a great deal of mutual help among these settlers. The social gatherings were for work as well as for pleasure. They consisted of raisings, choppings, huskings, and quiltings combined in such a way as to represent the whole family. As a general thing the young people traveled on horseback singly, doubly, or trebly. The vehicle chiefly in use was the lofty stick gig or double slatted sulky swung on leather straps.

These were the more dignified turnouts used by the newly married, and by fathers and mothers; families usually traveled by wagon. Many respectables walked, and in the vicinity of the church were retired resting places where the younger ones stopped, as they came and went, to don and doff their Sunday shoes and stockings.

Many of these families had libraries of standard works chiefly religious, such as *The Confession of Faith*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, the works of *Boston*, *Dodridge*, *Baxter*, and *Watts*, *Fox's Book of Martyrs* and *Balm of Gilead*, while practically every home contained a copy of the Divine Word and copies of the Larger and Shorter Catechism. The people of Alamance were of the New Light faith, but when they were early united with Buffalo which adhered to the old faith, there was a blending of both sides with a quiet resistance to extreme tendencies either way and the development of a spirit of active and conservative religious life.

When the first church building was completed, it was formally opened by Rev. Henry Patillo in 1764. He was a very learned ordained Presbyterian minister who was later pastor of Hawfield and Little River Churches. Now that the church was duly opened the people set about to secure a pastor. The records of the Synod of New York and New Jersey have the following minutes of their meeting at Elizabethtown, May 23, 1764: "Several supplications from North Carolina were presented, earnestly praying for supplies, which were read and urged with several verbal relations presenting the state of the country * * * Mr. David Caldwell, a candidate of New Brunswick, is appointed to go as soon as possible, but not defer it longer than next fall, and supply under the direction of Hanover Presbytery." Hanover Presbytery at that time was the only one south of the Potomac in connection with the Synod and its boundaries on the south were indefinite. Rev. Mr. Caldwell had known many of the Scotch-Irish of the Alamance neighborhood before their emigration southward, and during his mission work of the year 1764 he spent much of his time among these people; so Alamance and Buffalo united in wanting Mr. Caldwell for their pastor. On May 20, 1765, Mr. Caldwell's appointment as a missionary was re-

newed by the Philadelphia Synod. The Presbytery of New Brunswick held a meeting in Philadelphia, and took the necessary steps preparatory to the ordination of Mr. Caldwell and received a call from the churches of Buffalo and Alamanca for his missionary labors. On July 5, 1765, at Trenton, New Jersey, he was ordained to the full work of the gospel ministry and dismissed to join the Presbytery of Hanover. He proceeded forthwith to Carolina and entered upon his labors as minister of the two congregations. He was a corresponding member of Hanover Presbytery at its meeting at the Red House, Caswell County, June 4, 1766, but it was not until October 11, 1767, that he was received as a member of Hanover Presbytery and not till March 3, 1768, that the installation services were performed in compliance with a request made the preceding fall. The Rev. Hugh McAden, of the Red House, preached the installation sermon. In the latter part of 1766, Rev. Mr. Caldwell was married to Rachel, the third daughter of Rev. Alexander Craighead, the minister of Sugar Creek.

As the congregation had promised him but \$200 salary, he felt the necessity from the first, of making provision for his family, and accordingly purchased a farm midway between his two congregations. Under his competent supervision this farm furnished him many of the necessities and comforts of life. He commenced, too, at his home a classical school which, with some few short interruptions, he continued until the infirmities of age disqualified him for the duties of teacher. Delighting in the employment of teaching, having a peculiar tact for the management of boys, and being thorough in his course of study, his school flourished and was the means, during the long period of its continuance, of bringing more men into the learned professions than any other taught by a single individual or by a succession of teachers during the same period of time. Five of his pupils became governors of states; a number were promoted to the bench of whom were Murphey and McCoy; a large number, supposed about fifty, became ministers of the gospel of whom Dr. McCorkle, of Thyatira, Dr. Matthews, of New Albany, Indiana, and Dr. Brown, of Tennessee, were shining lights. During all these

busy years Dr. Caldwell was very zealous in his pastoral duties and also found time to take up and complete a course in medicine, in order that he might minister to the physical as well as the spiritual needs of his people. He was the only practicing physician in this part of the state until one of his sons succeeded him.

For sixty years Dr. Caldwell lived this busy life among his people, an incontestable evidence of their stability, and the irreproachable life of their pastor. A tablet in the front of the present church bears the following inscription which testifies to the esteem in which Dr. Caldwell was held by his people :

“Sacred to the memory of
David Caldwell, D.D.,
Born in Pa., 1724.
Died in N. C., 1824.

For sixty years he was pastor of the churches
of Alamance and Buffalo, which were founded by
his labors. In our Revolutionary struggle He was
the ardent friend of Liberty and His Country,

For whose interest
He cheerfully sacrificed his own.

As an amiable man,
A profound scholar,
and

A pious Divine :
He has left in remembrance of his virtues
A monument more lasting than this
which his congregation has erected.”

The congregation soon increased so that it was thought best to erect a more suitable structure for the worship of God. It is not definitely known when this church was erected, but a paper bearing subscriptions to Marshal McLean, Robert Shaw, Andrew Magee, David Wiley, and William Wiley for expenses incurred in church repairs bears the date of August 23, 1800. These repairs probably ended in a second building which stood near the site of the first. This was a fine structure for its day. It was a frame building, painted dark

yellow, with four doors, one at each end and two on the south side over which were portico roofs. There were many large windows and a gallery around three sides reached by two stairs; and in the centre north side and the centre lengthways of the building was the pulpit. The aisles and pulpit divided the lower part into five compartments, the eastern part of which was allotted to the colored people. The father of Rev. John Matthews was a joiner with a genius for mechanics. He speaks of giving a pulpit to the church; no doubt it was the one in this church made of black walnut with profuse carvings. This pulpit was so high that it was reached by a regular stairway with a balustrade, while just above the minister's head when standing and a part of the pulpit and ornamented like it with an oval front of carved wood was the sounding board. In front of the pulpit was the clerk's desk whose seat was five or more feet above the floor and whose head when standing was below the pulpit Bible. Here the clerk stood up and lined out the hymns. The house was usually well filled and when packed it would accommodate 900 or 1000 people. The modest people came quietly in on arriving, but the more ostentatious would wait until the services were well begun, then with their very stylish squeaky shoes they would make a promenade across the church and take a seat in their high back pew which obstructed them from further view. The attention was good and the singing was inspiring, being greatly increased in volume from the corner occupied by the negroes.

The graveyard was laid off at an early date; a tablet, at the gate to the memory of Adam Lecky, who was probably the builder of the stone wall, bore this Latin inscription:

“In Hac Area Jacit Sepultum
Corpus Adami Lecci, Huic
Ecclesio Amici, per Ejus
Pecuniam Hic Murus Enceptus Erat.”
Tho' Adam Lecky quits the Frame
That to Corruption Falls,
Yet Alamans will mind this man
A Friend to all Her Walls.
Feb'ry 9th, A. D. 1803.”

Mrs. Mary Mebane was probably the first person to be buried in this cemetery, which is one of the largest of its kind in the south. It is very interesting to look over the headstones which in many cases are made of soapstone, the engraving being very carefully done by hand. The following are a few inscriptions taken from these early marks:

“Here lies the body of Andrew Finley
Departed this life the 6th day of Oct., A. D. 1780.
Aged 66 years.”

“Here lies the body of Elizabeth Wiley who
departed this life the 14th day of March, A. D. 1790
Aged 84 years.”

“Here lies the body of
Margaret Alexander
Daughter of John and Sarah Alexander
Who departed this life
Oct. 14, 1767, aged 17m. and 21d.”

Under the supervision of Dr. Caldwell and his efficient elders many successful revivals were conducted. The people would go in wagons and carry provisions for a week or more and would live in the open, spending most of their time in Divine worship. During these days the tents and woods surrounding this noble church resounded with the earnest prayers of these sincere pioneers. Revivals which had an especially wide influence, were held in the years 1791 and 1801.

As Alamance was centrally located in the Presbyterian settlements of North Carolina, we can understand why she was often honored by having Orange Presbytery hold its sessions within her walls. This Presbytery, established 1770, was the only one in North Carolina, and covered practically all the state. We have a record of the following Presbyteries held at Alamance:

1798, Sept. 26, Rev. William Thompson, Moderator; 1800, Sept. 24, Rev. J. H. Bowman, Moderator; 1802, Sept. 28, Rev. J. H. Bowman, Moderator; 1803, Oct. 3, Rev. Leonard Prather, Moderator; 1804, Sept. 26, Rev. J. H. Bowman, Moderator; 1806, Sept. 24, Rev. J. H. Bowman, Moderator; 1808,

Sept. 28, Rev. Daniel Browne, Moderator; 1811, Sept. 26, Rev. Murdoch McMillan, Moderator.

These meetings of the representative Presbyterians of the state were looked forward to with eagerness by all the Alamancers, and great was their joy to settle down in the high back pews and listen to the peculiar accents of the Macks who came from the Highland settlements along the Cape Fear. Alamance was further honored by having the Synod meet within her walls Oct. 7, 1813. Rev. Jas. Hall, D. D., opened this meeting, while Rev. R. H. Chapman was Moderator.

Under the guidance of Dr. Caldwell the pure Scotch characteristics were highly developed among the Alamancers. They would stand by a noble leader even to death, but there was no admiration in their bosoms for a coward. When these people were unable to pay the tax levied by Gov. Tryon because of the scarcity of specie, the government sent sheriffs over the country to distrain the goods of the people. They seized furniture, cattle, horses, or anything else they chose to lay their hands on. Such outrages were too much for the people, and in vain they sought redress from the Governor. At length, growing impatient, they banded themselves together under the name of Regulators, and made known their purpose not to pay taxes until they were treated as true citizens of the province. Tryon came west to settle these "rebels", and on May 16, 1771, the Governor's forces met the Regulators at Alamance Creek about fifteen miles east of the present church. Dr. Caldwell tried in vain to negotiate peace and was removed from the battlefield just in time to escape the firing. The Regulators were driven from the field after brave attempts to stand against the trained soldiers of Tryon.

The battle of Alamance was only the beginning of a series of battles in which sons of Alamance stood forward for American independence. Dr. Caruthers in speaking of the stand taken by Alamance in the Revolutionary War, says, "So far as the writer is able to ascertain, none of them became Tories, nor is it known that there was a single Tory belonging to the congregation during the war." The Gillispies, Gilmers, Forbises, and Montgomeries stood out as strong men for

American independence. Among the officers in the state during these years of strife, Alamance gave Capt. Daniel Gillispie, Col. John Gillispie and Capt. Arthur Forbis, with others as her leaders with many regulars. When Gates made his ignominious retreat from Camden, a band of eight Alamancers with their Captain, remained staunch under De Kalb. One of these men leaves us the following account of the battle: "Never shall I forget that horrid comminglement of sounds, where amid the perpetual roll of firearms and din and clash of swords, were heard oaths and prayers, screams groans, and pitiful entreaties * * * at length our noble leader, Baron de Kalb, fell; with a crash like a mighty oak, the Americans were scattered and sought safety, every man for himself."

At Guilford Court House Capt. Arthur Forbis had command of a company, and according to Col. Martin, he fired the shot which brought down the first Briton on this memorable battlefield. Here Capt. Forbis was mortally wounded and died in about two weeks. A tall marble monument marks his resting place in the Alamance cemetery. During the spring of 1781 the whole congregation suffered severely from the British outrages committed in their homes. The Britons were especially anxious to capture Dr. Caldwell, but he evaded all their snares to find his hiding place. When American independence had been won, the Alamancers were active in helping to form plans for the institution of government. Daniel Gillispie was a member of the convention which adopted the State Constitution and also that which adopted the Federal Constitution. Dr. Caldwell was a member of the Halifax Congress of 1776, and it is reported on good authority, that he drew up the 32nd section, making faith in the Protestant religion a requisite of an officeholder. There are other instances during these days of trial to the struggling Americans where the Alamancers proved friends to the cause of American liberty.

In 1820 Dr. Caldwell was too feeble to continue his noble duties as pastor and leader of Alamance; so his work was continued by Rev. Eli W. Caruthers, a young Presbyterian minister who was born in Rowan County, educated at Prince-

ton, and given his D. D. from the University of North Carolina. For 22 years he served Alamance and Bethel; then for 15 years he was pastor of Alamance alone. During these years he preached over 4000 sermons, 370 of which are preserved. He was an ardent advocate of better school facilities and personally assisted in the instruction of some of the members of his congregation. In 1841 he began collecting material for Caldwell's life, which he published in 1842. In 1854 he published *The Old North State in 1766—First Series*. It was followed in 1856 by a similar volume, *Interesting Revolutionary Incidents and Sketches of Characters Chiefly in the Old North State*. All three of these publications contain valuable historical material.

Dr. Caruthers found the descendants of the congregation to which Caldwell had come sixty years ago, retaining the same honest occupations and customs as had engaged their forefathers. They had passed the hard years of war; and now that prosperity had been restored, they wished to establish a fitter church in which to worship God. So in 1843-44 the third house of worship was erected. The structure stood on the side of the hill just east of the present edifice. It was built of brick with a pulpit at the north end and a gallery at the south end.

In 1825 a Sunday school was established by John Finley, son of Andrew Finley. There was preaching on the alternate Sundays and on the others Mr. Finley held Sunday school, having a morning session, when they studied the A B C's and Blue Back Speller, and another service in the afternoon with a basket dinner between. A large crowd attended and much of the afternoon was spent in devotional worship. Mr. Finley was devoted to this work and loved all the children as his own. On preaching days before service there was a Bible class which consisted of adults and heads of families. The pastor led this class.

The women of Alamance were open to the needs of those less fortunate and in 1823 they organized the Woman's Benevolent Society with Mrs. William Woodburn, pres.; Mrs. Anne Wiley, sec.; and Mrs. Joseph Rankin, treas. For years this society convened each month, the women riding on

horseback to the meetings, in many cases taking their small children with them. During these years the ladies aided the Elliott Mission (Indian), made Dr. Caruthers a member of the American Tract Society, replenished the Sunday school library and assisted in educating young men for the ministry. This society was suspended for a short time, but was revived in 1873.

Samuel Porter, son of one of the elders, James Porter, left \$300 for a church library. This library when selected consisted of religious and English classics and together with the old field log school about a mile southeast of the church, were potent factors in the intellectual development of these people.

For one week or more each year the people for miles around came together and camped on the church grounds during days of revival. At first seats were provided under a spreading poplar west of the old frame church, later an arbor was constructed in the woods just east of the brick church. In 1829 an especially successful revival was held and for days the tents and woods resounded with the prayers of these earnest people. Again in 1858 another very successful meeting was held which gave many the faith victorious which led them through the dark days of the Civil War.

Being large landowners most of the members of Alamance were slaveholders, approving heartily of the prevailing institution of slavery. So when this great question of freeing the slaves was agitated, every Alamancer who was able to do so willingly offered his life to retain what he regarded as his personal property. The tales of suffering and hardship realized during this period of war are those which are common to all people engaging in civil strife. It was greatly augmented for the people of this church, however, by the fact that pastor and congregation were divided on the question. Dr. Caruthers was a man of strong convictions which when once formed were strenuously maintained. He was fully convinced that the system of slavery as it existed in the south was an ever growing evil. It is related that he prayed one Sunday morning in July, 1861, that the young men of his congregation "might be blessed of the Lord and returned in safety, though engaged in a lost cause." This

was too much for the people who had risked all for a cause which they hoped to win. A congregational meeting was held and the pastor's resignation was requested. It was given and he who had been the beloved pastor for 40 years retired to private life until 1865 when his last remains were laid to rest in the churchyard where he had served so long. A tablet bearing the following inscription is found in the vestibule of the present church:

“Sacred to the memory of
Rev. Eli W. Caruthers, D. D.
Born Oct. 26, 1793.
Died Nov. 14, 1865.

During a period of 40 years from 1821 to 1861 he served this church as its pastor faithfully, honored and beloved; sound in the faith, clear in his expositions, and earnest and affectionate in his manners. As a chronicler of events, in the early history of N. C., he has left much that will be valuable to posterity.”

For about two years Alamance had no regular pastor, but was supplied by Rev. P. H. Dalton and Dr. C. H. Wiley. On the third Sunday of November, 1863, Rev. Willis L. Miller was installed as pastor, serving until 1865, when pastor and congregation dissolved relationship for the same reason that had separated them from Dr. Caruthers.

In December, 1865, Rev. Wm. B. Tidball was employed as a supply and on the fourth Sunday of October, 1866, he was installed as pastor.

After sixteen years of faithful service Rev. Mr. Tidball resigned as pastor in 1883. The church was supplied for a few months by Rev. Ernest Caldwell, then for about a year by Dr. C. H. Wiley. At intervals during the latter part of 1884 and winter of 1885, Rev. Archibald Curry preached twice a month as supply. During the spring of 1885, Rev. Cornelius Miller became pastor and continued this work until July, 1891. In October, 1891, Rev. E. C. Murray was called as pastor of Alamance. He took up his work December 1st of

the same year and continued pastor until Nov. 20, 1892. On the day of Rev. Mr. Murray's resignation Rev. E. C. Lawson was elected pastor and served the church until September, 1894. From this date until 1895, Rev. J. Henry Smith of Greensboro, supplied the pulpit. In April, 1895, Rev. H. D. Lequex was called to the pastorate, which he filled until April, 1902. The church was without preaching during the remainder of this year save a few visiting ministers. In December of this year, Rev. S. M. Rankin was called as pastor and began his work Feb. 1903, and continued this work until April, 1907.

When Rev. Mr. Rankin resigned in 1907 the church was supplied on alternate Sundays by Rev. Melton Clark and Rev. C. E. Hodgin, of Greensboro. In March, 1908, Rev. J. C. Shive was elected pastor, but was never installed. In a few months his health failed and he was given a vacation. Seeing that he was not able to perform his duty, Rev. Mr. Shive soon asked to be released from his obligation. During the first of July, 1909, Rev. J. A. Wilson became pastor of Alamance and served until March, 1912, when he too was forced to resign on account of ill health. During the summer of 1912 the pulpit was supplied by Rev. John McEarchern, and during the fall and winter of the same year Rev. C. E. Hodgin supplied as pastor. About the first of January, 1913, a call was extended to Rev. A. W. Crawford and he began his work March 1st of the same year.

Rev. Mr. Dalton preached twice a month. Rev. Willis Miller served all his time and so did Rev. Mr. Tidball and Rev. Cornelius Miller. In addition to Alamance, Rev. Mr. Lequex gave two of his Sundays each month to Springwood, a small Presbyterian church near the battlefield of the Regulators. Rev. S. M. Rankin, Rev. Mr. Shive, and Rev. Mr. Wilson also gave two Sundays each month to Springwood and Bethel, adjoining churches. Rev. Mr. McEarchern supplied the church regularly and Rev. A. W. Crawford accepted a call for all of his time at Alamance.

During Rev. Mr. Tidball's pastorate the present church was begun, as the last edifice had been taken down in 1874-75, owing to the fact that its walls had become unsafe. Like

their forefathers of one hundred years before, every member of the congregation assisted in the erection of the new building. The walls were constructed of dark gray brick, penciled white. The church faces the northeast and is entered from a large vestibule through two doors and aisles which divide the body of the church into three sections. A transverse aisle in front of the pulpit forms a section on either side of the pulpit known as the "amen corner". The pulpit is about five feet high and extends into the wall as an alcove with windows on either side. It is mounted by broad steps on three sides. The walls were finished in dull gray plaster with four large windows on either side. In 1903 the walls of this church were refinished in dark green and the general improvements were made.

On April 13th, 1913, at a congregational meeting it was announced that over \$3000 had been raised for improvement of the church. During the following summer improvements went gradually forward. Two wings were erected on either side, thereby increasing the seating capacity. The walls were refinished and the whole edifice was resealed with hardwood pews. Modern heating and light plants were installed. These improvements make Alamance the most modern country church in Guilford County.

At the completion of these improvements on Oct. 7th, 1913, the Synod of North Carolina celebrated its centenary on the spot where it had been organized one hundred years previous. This meeting was attended by over one thousand people, many of whom were descendants of those sturdy pioneers who met at Alamance on Oct. 7th, 1813.

Rev. M. McG. Shields was moderator of this meeting. A double programme was arranged for the day. The subjects and speakers were as follows:

"Beginnings and Development of Presbyterianism in North Carolina to 1863", by Rev. Dr. W. W. Moore, Rev. Dr. W. L. Lingle.

"Personnel of the Presbyterian Church in North Carolina up to 1863", Rev. D. G. Hill, D. D., Rev. D. I. Craig.

"The Last Fifty Years—the Presbyterian Church, an Evangelistic Agency," Dr. R. F. Campbell.

“Presbyterians in Educational Work in North Carolina During the Century,” Dr. C. Alphonso Smith.

It was inspiring to be present at so great a gathering and to hear of the great accomplishments of a noble people and to see evidences of their present prosperity, for anyone beholding the broad table over two hundred feet long, laden with home grown foods and flowers, could easily judge that the Alamancers are still prosperous farmers.

During the early part of 1890, it was decided to erect a permanent home for the pastor. A beautiful site was chosen on a high knoll just across the little stream in front of the church. A neat six room cottage was erected, which has proven a very pleasant home to most of the pastors since that time.

Orange Presbytery met at Alamance in October, 1879, with Dr. C. H. Wiley as moderator. On the 18th of October while Presbytery was still in session, the present church was dedicated at which time Dr. Wiley delivered an address on the history of this grand old church. Again in 1903 Orange Presbytery met at Alamance.

During these years the Woman's Benevolent Society developed into the Woman's Mission Society which contributes liberally to home and foreign missions. A young people's mission society and a children's mission society has been organized. Through these organizations the church is kept in close touch with the work done by the Presbyterian churches in the foreign field. So far as the writer can ascertain, the Sunday school was never discontinued during all these years. Under the leadership of efficient men it has grown into a well organized institution with over three hundred names on its roll. The average attendance is excellent.

Annual revivals have been held during which times it is manifest that the spirit of God is still moving within these sacred walls. The church membership roll now contains over four hundred names.

Twenty-nine sons of Alamance have become ordained Presbyterian ministers while four others are now in preparation for this work.

In addition to the men heretofore named who took part in the national and state interests, the congregation gave four state senators serving fifteen or sixteen terms and twelve members of the House of Commons serving thirty-two sessions. She also sent from her walls one Superior Court Judge—John M. Dick; a state judge, Hon. John A. Gilmer; one member of Congress—John A. Gilmer, Sr.; two members of the Confederate Congress—Hon. John A. Gilmer, Sr., and John R. McLean, with Gen. J. F. Gilmer, head of the Engineering Department of the Confederate States. For fourteen years Prof. W. C. Kerr was State Geologist. No doubt he first learned to love nature during his rambles through the beautiful country surrounding this old church.

One of the most illustrious sons of Alamance was Dr. C. H. Wiley, author, educator and a most earnest minister of the Gospel. Dr. Wiley can easily be called the father of public schools of North Carolina, as it was largely through his influence that public schools were established in our state. He was author of several books. His novel *Alamance* is a most interesting study of the colonial days of North Carolina.

The Gilmers, Forbises, McLeans, Wileys still occupy lands taken up by their ancestors during colonial times, but in every instance these farms have been greatly divided. Three flour and feed mills now take the place of the one formally opened by Cusach. A splendid macadam road has taken the place of the bridle path long ago blazed to Greensboro. The citizens who once received mail from the postman riding through at long intervals, now receive daily mail from the R. F. D. carrier who finds it a pleasure to travel through this beautiful community of well kept farms. The rural telephone has brought Alamance into still closer connection with the outside world and practically every home in this congregation is enjoying the pleasures and conveniences made possible by the wonderful discovery of Alexander Bell. Beautiful modern homes have taken the place of the rude log cabins of long ago. It is very easy to judge that the sterling Scotch-Irish blood still courses through the veins of the occupants of these well kept homes. They still cherish many of the early customs of their ancestors, and are ever alert for the higher

development of their mental faculties. The men still exercise skilled judgment in selecting their stock as is well exemplified to any one who walks through the hitching grove at the church on a Sunday morning. Automobiles are now as numerous on the church grounds as the lofty stick gig once was,

While we all rejoice in these material developments, we must not forget the higher motive which prompted our forefathers to begin this house of worship in the forest and remember that just so long as we hold these things first, so long will Alamance continue to be a house of God.

The Quest

Eleanor Morgan, '14, Cornelian

The silver horn from o'er the hills
 Hath waked my heart to lofty thrills,
 And on and on I've followed there,
 A-sounding thro' the morning air,
 That silver bugle call.

Yet still the vision is withheld;
 Yet still the grail is unbeheld;
 Ah, how shall I my quest attain?
 Ah, why yet rings, if all in vain,
 That silver bugle call?

E'en Merlin's chair I'd fain essay,
 My mortal all there cast away,
 To see, one moment, heaven shine,
 To hear in harmony divine,
 That silver bugle call!

But nay, the Siege is far too proud,
 A boon for hero hearts allowed—
 And I must follow, follow there
 A-sounding thro' the morning air,
 That silver bugle call.

Yet hopes arise and wing me forth,
 Into the West; into the North —
 Devotion thro' my soul shall move
 Till all my life for others prove
 A silver bugle call!

A Device of Fate

Annie Beam, '16, Adelpkian

It was a typical March day. The wind with all its compact force was driving the scurrying leaves hither and thither over the ground which had not long since thawed from the winter's freeze.

Windy weather and kite-flying go hand in hand. All over the city of Landell crowds of boisterous boys could be seen flying their kites which they imagined were real airships. Of course this afforded much amusement for them, but not for a girl who was anxiously watching the movements of one of the boys who was her favorite brother.

The scene of the boys making so much merriment annoyed her and made her feel very lonesome, for not many weeks before she had foolishly quarreled with her dearest friend who lived on the opposite side of the growing town. They both had been too passionate and selfish to give in; so neither had spoken a kind word in many days. But today Irene Kasset as she looked out at the boys, gay and happy, felt her loneliness and desire for her friend so keenly that she immediately turned from the window to the desk and addressed the following note to her friend:

My dear Althea:

This is the very last day I can pass without seeing you. Whatever the past has been or whoever the transgressor has been, can't we forgive and forget? Will you please come and spend the afternoon with me? Phone number 297 if you are coming and rest assured that I am eagerly, longingly awaiting you.

Sincerely,

Irene.

When she had read the note the enemy, selfishness, returned to battle against her better self. With one mighty stroke of the sword, called jealous pride, the enemy conquered and to his malicious delight, saw the note tossed into

the wastebasket and heard Irene say, "I will not take the first step. If Althea wants us to be friends again she shall take the initiative."

Her brother coming in just then, asked for a piece of paper to mend a large hole which a strong gust of wind had torn in his kite. Before she could find paper for him, he quickly snatched at random from the waste basket a piece of paper, which, as Fate would have it, was the note written by Irene to Althea. He soon had his kite mended and was sailing it high above the heads of the people who were hurrying up and down the street. As the kite soared higher and higher, suddenly the string broke and left the kite flying on and on until it reached a grove of trees near the suburban home of Althea. Here it lodged among the branches of a maple tree and after the wind had subsided, fell to the ground. Several days afterward Althea was walking among the trees looking for a fraternity pin which she had lost on one of her recent rambles. Much to her surprise she found a kite on which there was pasted a note formerly intended for her own self. Curiosity, an inherent trait in girlhood, compelled her to read it. There in the lonesome wood she read it once, twice, thrice. With an unspeakable, and for a long time unknown joy, she hastened to take the next car to Irene's home.

"Of all the intricate and subtle devices which the immortal gods might have used to reunite us, the note on the kite was the most ingenious of them all," were Althea's opening words to her surprised but overjoyed friend.

Fulfillment

Eleanor Morgan, '14, Cornelian

The room was all bare and blank, and its white walls frowned formidably. Carol stared around with a scornful curl of the lip. Oh no, she was not homesick; she had not thought of that. Carelessly she took off her gloves and hat and threw them on the mattress. For a long time she stood at the window looking down on the campus. Why had she come to Sparta College? What did she expect to do now that she was here?

She had come because there was nothing else to do; certainly from no inclination on her part. All her life she had been forced to do the things she did not want to do. Her one passion was music; her one desire was to be able to give expression to the talent that she felt within her. And here she was at Sparta College, entering upon a career of four years that should bring at the end the reward of a degree.

"I have come and I shall stay and I shall take the A. B. at the end if they give it to me, but I do not intend to work for it or anything else," Carol flaunted her defiance at the reflection in the mirror. As she thrust the heavy black braid from her forehead, her olive skin flushed a dull red, her hazel eyes glittered, her oddly beautiful face wore a cynical sneer.

Carol's whole life up to this time had been one bitter misfortune, and now gave little better prospect. The daughter of a musician by no means mediocre, she had inherited her father's temperament only to be denied the opportunity of developing the talent that lay beneath the temperament. At the death of her artist father, the orphaned child of six years had fallen the sole legacy into the hands of a maternal aunt. Aunt Penelope had very decided ideas of life in general, of artist folk in particular, and she had been eminently successful in subordinating her wee charge to those ideas. She never allowed any musical instrument in the house; the rock-a-by-baby that lulled most wee lassies' dollies to sleep, woke her nerves most irritably. Because at school "Carrie"

would learn merry songs and folk dances, her aunt had taken upon herself the whole burden of the child's instruction. And now she was sending her niece to Sparta College for training that should make her a teacher of mathematics.

But starve the baby mind as she did, she could not root from the heart the musical instinct. The little girl had found behind the encyclopedias in the library, an ancient hymnal, and had secretly hidden her treasure away in the attic. There she would creep up on rainy days, and, lying flat beneath the rafters, would spend eager hours searching out the hymns she heard at church, singing them over and over to herself, and "making up" tunes for the strange ones, with childish delight.

But it was piano music that had the greatest fascination for little Carol. Somehow, the piano was *hers*. Around the corner from Miss Penelope's lived a dear lady who taught piano lessons; Carol saw other little girls like herself go to and from their music lessons. Sometimes on such occasions, she would fly in rage to the attic, and stamp her feet in fury upon the innocent hymn book; once she snatched out a dozen sheets, but straightway repented and sat down with her good needle to repair the damage—for she was early versed in all housewifely lore.

And then later there were many hours of stolen ecstasy at the teacher's home. With her face buried in the cushions on the window-seat, Carol would lie motionless while the kind lady played Chopin. But if the pillows told tales, Carol's face, at least, gave no sign of what went on within, for it was always with a smile that she received the kiss of farewell. And as the girl grew older, the passion became more and more intense, and Carol came more and more clearly to recognize the power that lay within her. How painfully she felt, how bitterly she knew; what might have been and what in reality was to be her life, she herself realized and in bitter pride kept buried within her own heart. Once, and once only, her friend had dared to offer to teach her; the frozen hauteur of her protégé's silence had frightened the dear lady into instant apology.

And so Carol's young life had been lived, and seemed destined to continue in a strange hopelessness. Now she had come to Sparta College in a spirit of utter indifference, with a nature proud, haughty, and to all appearances, unapproachable.

Entrance examinations passed with a disdainful flourish, Carol endured matriculation and scornfully entered upon her college course. Day after day dragged by in a sullen hostility, so that at the end of the first semester, Carol was as much a stranger at Sparta as on the day of her entrance.

Then one day there appeared a bulletin of a concert to be held in the city the following week by a great piano virtuoso.

"Will you go with me?" whispered Carol's room-mate.

The eventful day came, and Carol softly hummed to herself in the tingling joy of anticipation. Returning from class that afternoon, she fell in with a girl on the way to the practice room. In a talkative mood this glorious day, Carol condescended to inquire if the girl were going to hear P—.

"I? Oh no," laughed the young thing, "I can't endure concerts."

"You can't endure—"

"Nor you couldn't either if you had to practice, practice all day long, as I do. I do get so tired. I'm certainly going to change my course next year. I positively *hate* this business. And if I don't hurry I'll be tardy now, and my cuts are all used up," and she skipped gaily away.

Unseeingly, Carol walked to her room. To have the gift and the opportunity and not to want them? Was it possible? And there are others who have the opportunity without the gift? And some who, having neither, long for both? But to have the gift without the opportunity! That was misery. What might she not do with such opportunities? Her head burned and throbbed with pain. Her heart was sick with disgust and despair. Music tonight? Ah, no! she could not bear it.

And so her room-mate found her on the floor, with her head against the window-sill, her eyes closed, and the wind blowing roughly upon her.

"It's past seven o'clock," Mary suggested, "Isn't it time to dress? We have to take the 7:30 car you know."

"I am not going," and Carol did not stir.

But Mary had lived in the same room with an artistic temperament four months now. She was older and understood Carol perhaps better than Carol understood herself.

"I want you to go with me", she said quietly.

* * * * *

From her high seat in the balcony Carol glanced down dizzily. The sparkle, the glitter, and the glare was jarring: she was in no mood to enjoy gayety. But before long—silence—and music. Startled, Carol stared. Was it really like that? That mad rhapsody of sound, that wild majesty—every nerve in Carol's body tingled; her eyes gleamed with savage pain. Oh, the music hurt!

But, ah—another strain. A cool breeze seemed to blow, and the voice of Arethusa was in the breeze. The liquid sound flooded the heart of Carol, and her soul was calm.

Now candle-light, creamy satin, rich laces, a blush rose catching a dusky ringlet, silver buckles—the stately minuet. And Carol, too, was dancing.

But hark! the lark at heaven's gate poured out its liquid melody. Oh, surely it was her own heart singing, soaring, soaring, singing in the sunrise sky. One mad sweet ringing happy cry and the song was done—and with the lark was Carol happy. Until now she had not known music in its greatness. So broad, so fine, so grand, so tender, so noble, so big, so *beautiful*—ah! it was easy now *only* to adore.

Slowly once more music filled the hall. Then on a sudden rang a sounding challenge! On and on the music swept in magnificent assurance, calling onward to the celebration, inspiring to yet nobler victory! No shallow doubting here, but deep-laid confidence and lofty daring stirred heart and hand to higher deed! Louder and more loud beat the mighty martial song! Carol's eyes shone bright and happy; her lips were parted; every fibre vibrated attune. Onward! Onward! Glory attained and glory attainable, the music called! The pageantry faded, the polonaise passed. But, ah, the joy!

With a silent, happy smile, Carol went back to Sparta. A long, sweet, dreamless sleep, and in the morning Carol again was happy. The bitterness, the jealous envy, the despair had melted, and instead was hope and courage and enduring purpose. Inspiration had swallowed up selfish desire and now breathed content and resolution.

From that day, Carol turned with a will to her work. She determined to accept the lesser good and to excel where opportunity allowed. A recluse from college life, she devoted her whole attention to study. Under this new order of conduct, she made rapid progress, accomplishing a brilliant and astonishing record of marks. Soon her interest began to concentrate upon the study of history, and she spent her energies in that direction most lavishly. She devoted much time to reading, indulging a new appetite that proved fairly omnivorous. From such sources, the girl began to derive experience, steadily developing and enriching her mind in an ever widening field. After a while, she decided to fit herself to teach history, and henceforth directed her work with that end in view, with a new pleasure in the purpose.

For a whole year, Carol continued her work in such a manner, with now and then dark hours it is true, but on the whole with great determination and success. Yet, in her very reading, sooner or later she was destined to discover that this at best was a selfish way, that this was but a second-hand existence. And so, as the months went by, she came to realize that she was lonely, and even faintly to wish it might in some way be different.

All this time the faithful Mary had remained Carol's unsought friend. From the first Mary had seen in the queer child that which was lovable, had believed in her, had silently steadied her in her new endeavors, had quietly cheered and roused the new ambitions. And because Mary had understood and loved the child she had all unbidden remained her ready friend.

But now the time had come when the situation was reversed. In unquestioning confidence, Mary turned in her trouble to her cold Carol. Amazed, bewildered, Carol could not comprehend that anyone should appeal to *her*. She, who

had always held herself aloof from the ordinary world of people, who had never known nor, for herself, thought of friendship, now to find herself in the position of nearest and dearest to another! Her face paled; for a moment her mind seemed utterly blank, and then the shock rushed back with all the pent-up force of years. Beyond her control, her whole frame shook with a violent tremor. It was a question which was uppermost, hate for the cause of Mary's distress, or love for her friend.

"*Don't, don't* look so," pleaded Mary. And her love had won.

And thus was begun a friendship that was to remain between the two, sacred forever. Through that first gloom the two friends walked silently, hand in hand. During those first gray days, Carol's only thought was of her stricken friend. Agony Carol knew now for the first time, and the agony was real. Her friend's suffering was so new and dear, and the real nature of the girl's heart was genuine. Helper now, instead of always helped, Carol found joy in giving where she never had dreamed was aught to give. After many days, when the way was clear for her friend, a new light began to glow on Carol's introspection; a hitherto dormant force was wakening in her life, a new sympathy for people and the world was being roused in her heart. A new understanding began to dawn in her mind; day by day she was learning to watch, receive, and give. Rapidly, beautifully, her real nature unfolded and blossomed in the light. A new impulse made itself felt in her work. Yet more brilliant marks shone in her wake, bearing record of the new striving and determination, keeping pace with the growing friendship.

Toward the middle of her junior year, Carol was brought into intimacy with Mary's friends. And with closer acquaintance, a gradual liking for some of them began to grow up in her now charitable heart, a liking that in a few cases deepened into friendship. Gradually the circle widened so that at last Carol came to know Sparta as Sparta really was. And Sparta, too, came to know Carol. Respected and admired by many, loved and supported by a few, Carol entered slowly into her own.

At the opening of college in her senior year, Carol returned with cleared vision. Where before had been doubt and self-distrust, she now felt the firm earth beneath her feet, and valued honestly her own power. With serene assurance, she occupied the place of leadership; easily, wisely, she led, helped, and worked with her sisters on the upward path. And Sparta loved her Council President as she had loved no other. And Carol too was changed. The old morbid, mocking melancholy had given place to the radiance of a sane optimism. *This*, Carol felt, was happiness.

Yet in taking up her new share in college life, Carol by no means laid aside serious study. Indeed it seemed, rather that now energies heretofore entirely undiscovered, had risen into play. Such a career was not to be unmarked by the faculty. The English department had long been observant of Carol Lanier, and was now more than ever pleased to see the development of so human a personality. Swiftly the busy year sped by and soon senior examinations were at hand.

The last happy paper reluctantly laid down, Carol turned to meet an appointment with the Dean of the English department. Why had Dr. Winston summoned her, she wondered?

"Miss Lanier," the Dean began, "I understand that you intend teaching English?"

"That is what I would like to do," answered Carol.

"Would you consider going west?"

"Why, that depends—"

"I have a letter," continued the Dean, "from my friend, Dr. James, Professor of History at Willard Hall, asking me to recommend to him an instructor. My recommendation, he says, will assure the position. I put the offer before you. It is indeed a splendid opportunity. Let me know your decision within a fortnight."

But Carol already knew her decision. Yet, thinking it would be wise to deliberate before making the final decision, Carol thanked the Dean and left the office. Here was success and opportunity and triumph and joy all in one breath. Carol thought she had never been so happy. Castles were well under way in construction in Spain by the time she reached her room. But hardly had she sat down to complete

the structure when a maid brought a message that the Lady Principal wished to speak to Miss Lanier.

A far different interview was this from the former. Carol took from Mrs. North's hand and nervously tore open the ominous yellow envelope.

"Your aunt suffered a stroke of paralysis this a. m. Thought to be out of danger now. You need not come."

Dazed, Carol walked back to her room. In a vague dismay she began to pack her things. Graduation—that was unimportant now. Need or no need—it was her duty to go to her guardian.

After a long, hard journey she reached home the next afternoon. Yes, Aunt Penelope was out of immediate danger, was the doctors' opinion, but she would never be able to walk again. Though Carol had never loved the stern guardian, now she felt only tenderness for her invalid aunt. Tenderness and understanding of what she herself should do. What if she were not actually needed, what if trained nurses could do all that was necessary? There are other things of greater importance than necessary things.

That night Carol sat down and wrote a note to Dr. Winston, stating that, under the circumstances, it was impossible for her to accept the opportunity he had so kindly offered. And with a blessed smile she laid down the pen and rose to meet the doctor.

ESSAYS ON BURNS

Robert Burns

Gertrude Carraway, '15, Cornelian

In this paper I do not intend to discuss the characteristics of the poetry of Robert Burns or the characteristics of the man himself. I shall try to give an account of the facts of his life in chronological order—a life which was ruined as it wavered between two purposes.

Robert Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1759, at Alloway, in the parish of Ayr in a clay-built cottage, constructed by his father. The latter, William Burnes (the family name was spelled in this way until the poet changed it) was a gardener and farm overseer; his mother, Agnes Brown, was the daughter of a farmer in Carrick, Ayrshire. When six years old he attended school at Alloway Mill, taught first by one Campbell, then by John Murdoch, who was an excellent teacher. In this school Robert showed his love for poetry, which was further stimulated by Betty Davidson, an old woman who knew numbers of ghost tales, songs, and mythological stories. William Burnes had charge of his son's education for a time, and in addition to this, Burns was sent to the parish of Dalrymple in order to improve his penmanship.

When he was about fifteen years old he began to love and to write. Nelly Kilpatrick, daughter of the blacksmith, was his first love and to her he wrote his first song, "O once I loved a bonnie lass". Not long after this he became the principal laborer on his father's farm. All of this hard work and accompanying trouble caused the poet's subsequent melancholy. While he was spending his seventeenth summer on a smuggling coast in Ayrshire, he met his second love, Peggy Thompson, on whom he later wrote his fine song, "Now wrestling winds and slaught'ring guns." The charms of this maiden "overset his trigonometry and set him off at a tangent from the sphere of his studies."

After he had left his second love, and had returned home, he found affairs very much improved there and had time to sketch the outlines of a tragedy, which was never completed. He has been described at this time as a great admirer of the fair sex. Among the ladies he was particularly interested in Ellison Begbie, on whom he wrote a "song of similies". Some other pieces written at this time were *Winter*, a *Dirge*, *John Barleycorn*, and *O, Mary, at thy window be*.

Having arrived at his twenty-third birthday, Burns became a flax-dresser. This step proved a mistake, for his partner turned out to be a rascal. Another misfortune soon appeared. His father died, leaving his children no money. Having raised the necessary amount they bought a farm at Mossgiel but bad seed and a late harvest deprived them of half of the expected crop. Henceforth, poetry was to be the only successful vocation of Robert Burns. Among some of the pieces that he wrote in the next year were the *Epistle to John Lapraik*, *Hallowe'en*, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, *The Twa Dogs*, *The Lament*, and *Despondency*. So much original poetry had not appeared since Shakespeare. Misfortunes were coming on him, however. His farm failed and his connection with Jean Armour brought grief and disgrace. The poet decided to publish his poems in order to raise enough money to take him to Jamaica, where he had decided to become a book-keeper on an estate. Meanwhile his intimate relation was renewed with Mary Campbell, or "Highland Mary," and although they were engaged for a while not much more was heard from her until her death in the same year. Having cleared £20 from his poems he was preparing to embark from the Clyde, when he was encouraged by Dr. Blacklock for a second edition of poems, and so he resolved to try his fortune in Edinburgh. There he instantly became the lion of the season. He was sought after by the fashionable, witty, and the learned—by Dugald Stewart, Hugh Blair, and Adam Ferguson. His second edition of poems, consisting of three thousand copies, sold rapidly.

After a short stay at the capital, he traveled with friends to different parts of Scotland. On one trip he renewed his intimacy with Jean Armour, whom he married in 1788. In

1791, they moved to Dumfries, where he was well received by the higher class and the neighboring gentry. The poet's health soon gave way and premature age set in, caused by his combination of literary effort with dissipation. His decline was hastened by an accidental circumstance. One night in January in going home from the Globe Tavern through the deep snow, he sank down, overpowered by drowsiness and the liquor he had taken. He never recovered from the cold he caught on that night. His poems were still continued, however, among those written at this time being *Tam O'Shanter*, *Coming Through the Rye*, *Auld Lang Syne*, and *Scots Wha Hae*. In spite of his work he knew that the "stamp of death was imprinted on his features". In consideration of this he remarked to his wife, "Don't be afraid; I'll be respected more a hundred years after I am dead than I am at present." On the 21st of July, 1796, death was obviously near at hand. He was delirious and according to his eldest son his last words were, "That d——d rascal, Matthew Pen,"—an execration against a legal agent who had written him a letter urging immediate payment of a haberdasher's account. And so passed this sad and stormy life, as Carlyle has said, "Not softly but speedily into that still country where the hail-storms and fire-showers do not reach and the heaviest laden wayfarer at length lays down his load." On the Sunday of July 24th, the poet's remains were removed from his house to the town hall and interred the next day with military honors.

Burns, the Poet of Man

Annie Humbert, '15, *Adelphian*

Among the many refreshing qualities of Robert Burns, his delightful humanity seems to me the most striking. His sympathy and fellowship with human life is the keynote of all his work, even of that which seems farthest removed from all human activity.

His love poems especially emphasize the warm affectionate nature which rendered all human beings equally dear to the

heart of the man and made them all fit subjects for the pen of the poet. Each lovely girl whom he meets is to him a lass, "There's nane again sae bonnie."

His versatility and sympathy with all hearts and all emotions make him equally sensible to the griefs of the deserted maiden and to the humorous perplexity of her who cares not in riches to wallow if she may not marry Tam Glen. But it is in the higher class of Burns' love poems that he most truly sounds the depths of human nature. He tells with as delicate a feeling of the enduring affection of John Anderson and his wife who have climbed the hill together and now must totter down again as he sings of his own deep grief for his loved Mary Campbell.

Not for his love poems alone, however, does Burns merit the title of "Poet of Man". In his religious and satirical poems he also, with master hand, reveals the good qualities of the Scottish Presbyterian and ridicules his bad points. Who has not read his description of *The Cotter's Saturday Night* without receiving keen delight from his apt description of the honest farmer and his numerous children as they come cheerfully from their various employments to gather around the table for their evening meal? On the other hand, who has not smiled at the poet's inimitable delineation of Holy Willie, who devoutly thanks God that he is not as other men, but even the chosen of Christ, one of his elect, and prays for vengeance on Gawn Hamilton who has slandered him most vilely?

The patriotic poems of Burns, while sometimes hard to distinguish from his religious work, are nevertheless, a distinct class. They breathe forth a fire, a devotion to home and country that no man could equal except he, like Burns, had learned to love his native land from babyhood by the constant hearing and repetition of the former glories of Scotia. The poet seems to have fought side by side with Wallace at Cambus-Kenneth and to have heard Bruce make that stirring address at Bannockburn which he has so ably paraphrased for the world. Yet he only tells the thoughts which animate the hearts of all true Scotsmen. But he tells this message so simply and still so forcefully that it has reached across the

centuries to grip the hearts of this and all succeeding generations.

Even when Burns sets out to write one of his charming nature lyrics he cannot be quite satisfied without the introduction of some touch of humanity. Lovely as nature is he thinks that no landscape, however beautiful, is complete without the addition of some human figure. And perhaps he is more nearly right than we are usually inclined to believe.

But that part of his writings in which Burns' insight into human nature and appeal to human hearts is most noticeable is in his poems of democracy. Here it is that we see the real Burns and understand why he is called the Poet of Man. We discover that he was a man himself with all a man's failings and many of the virtues. For instance we find him, insulted by the insolent patronage of the lion hunters of Edinburgh, dashing off in his stormy wrath that unequalled poem, *A Man's a Man for A' That*.

Burns may be called the Poet of Man not only because he interprets in a remarkable manner the thoughts and emotions of mankind but because he appeals in a way that few have done to the minds and hearts of humanity. As one great poet has said of him,

“He came when poets had forgot
How rich and strange the human lot,
How warm the tints of life, how hot
Are Love and Hate;
And what makes Truth divine; and what
Makes manhood great.”

Burns, the Poet of Nature

Hildah Mann, '15, Adelprian

Burns is a poet of nature as well as of man. His heart flows out in tenderness and sympathy over universal nature, and in her most insignificant objects he finds something beautiful and uplifting. He mourns over the “wee, modest crim-

son-tipped flower" uprooted on the mountain side and finds in the field mouse whose nest has been broken up by the plough-share, a thing to touch the deepest springs of pity.

This tenderness for animals we find revealed in numbers of Burns' poems. He felt for their sufferings as if they had been his own and he opened men's hearts to feel how much the groans of these dumb creatures are caused by men's carelessness. Indignation at hunters' cruelty, and heart-felt sympathy for a wounded hare, occasioned the writing of this stanza:

"Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait
The somber eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the cheery lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim,
And mourn thy hapless fate."

In such poems Burns poured into the world a current, electrical and life-giving. He did more to bring the hearts of men close to the outer world, and the outer world to the heart, than almost any poet. Yet his feeling in nature's presence was not a contemplative joy or pleasure. It was a kind of rapture, almost an ecstasy. During his early youth Burns wrote some of these poems which made his name loved by all who understood the Scottish dialect. In these he revealed wonderfully the rural Scotland of his day, making its streams and burnies "shine in verse".

Burns did not philosophize on nature or on her relation to man. He seemed to feel it always in both his joyful and sorrowful moods. Nature was to him a part of the universal plan; so he accepted it simply and never reasoned about it. He deals with it in a more free, close, intimate way than any poet since the old ballad-singers; loved it with a love, beheld it with a rapture, all the more genuine, because his heart throbbed in sympathy for man.

Since Burns was a spontaneous, sincere, and absolutely original nature, these verses which he sung "in glory and in joy, along the mountain side", were contributions to the world's spiritual experience, in a way; certainly they were contributions to the world's sum of beauty.

Burns' Love Poetry

Ruth Harris, '15, *Adelphian*

About the middle of the eighteenth century there was born into the family of a poor Scotch farmer a boy who was destined to sound in wonderful verse, the praises of Scotland, her scenery and her rivers, and to make what she had never had before, a place in literature. The date of this plowboy-poet's birth is significant. He came at a time when not only in England, but also in France and Germany, there was a great stirring among the people, a new restlessness, when the rights of man as man were being asserted, and when the old age of classicism and artificiality was beginning to wane. Thus this poet, Burns, may be considered the product of his age; for, with his love of nature, with his passion, with his intense humanity pulsing in every line, he stands forth the great herald of Romanticism, which was to culminate in the next generation.

It is by his love poems that we like best to remember Burns. In almost all of these, he uses nature as a background, making her reflect his mood, or that of the principal character. Three of his loveliest are connected with a river. Let us see how in these the river and the surrounding woods reflect the mood of the speaker.

In *Bonnie Doon*, melancholy is more sharply brought out by contrast with the brightness of nature, as in the lines—

“Ye flowery banks o’ bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair?
How can ye chants ye little birds,
And I sae fu’ o’ care?”

In *Flow Gently Sweet Afton*, the gently flowing river with its shadowy woodlands makes us feel the peace which is now Mary's as she sleeps by the stream.

In *Highland Mary*, the sweetness and brightness of nature is made to serve as a tribute to the flower spirit of the girl herself. The poet says:

“Ye banks and braes, and streams around
The castle o’ Montgomery,
Green be your woods and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie.
There simmer first unfold her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last farewell,
O’ my sweet Highland Mary.”

In some of the love poems of lighter vein we also find a touch of Burns’ satire. In those lines of that delightful little picture of human nature *Tam Glen*—

“But if it’s ordain’d I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?”

we find a sly gibe at the strict Calvinism of the day.

The love poems include not only those of the type of *Highland Mary*, but also those of a gay, rollicking mood, as—

“Green grow the rashies, O!
Green grow the rashies, O!
The sweetest hours that e’er I spend
Are spent among the lasses O.”

Here, too, are those poems expressing the serenity of married love as in the half playfully pathetic lines beginning—

“John Anderson, my jo, John—,”

And also the love of country, as in that stirring *Scots Wha Hae Wi’ Wallace Bled*.

But if we should speak of Burns’ love poems without mentioning *To Mary in Heaven*, we would be leaving out the best of all. It may be that the circumstances under which it was written influence us, but at any rate, it seems to us the most sincere of all, and in it there is a lofty nobleness of thought that makes it the poet’s masterpiece.



Sketches

A November Walk

Eunice Sinclair, '15, Adelpkian

“The mellow earth is hasting to its close.”

On a clear crisp afternoon of November I know of nothing more delightful than a walk through the park, now in the full glory of autumnal beauty. On entering it one is enveloped in a new atmosphere; fatigue and unrest are banished, leaving only “a cheerful confidence in things to come.”

Traces of the Frost Spirit, that unexcelled artist of nature, are found everywhere. Here a daring splash of flame, there a mass of soft-toned shades—never a false note in the harmony of color. He has dashed the trees with varying shades of flaring yellow, tarnished gold, somber green, bright scarlet, rich russet and dull rusty brown.

Passing on, I notice an occasional spray of brilliant yellow leaves standing out in vivid outline. On down the hill is the green honeysuckle climbing ruthlessly over the bushes, and clinging closely to the kindly earth. The crisp breeze brings odors of earth and out-door things, pungent with pine and cedar. The sound of distant voices grows fainter, and is finally lost in the rustling of trees, and crackling of dry leaves underfoot. At the side of the path, as if surprised at its own courage, a little yellow flower is blooming, its face pressed closely against a rough pine cone. There is an abrupt opening in the trees, and all at once a broad expanse of rolling fields stretches before me. Picturesque corn shocks slope down the green stubble to the foot of a newly plowed hill, whose circling furrows of blended clay and dark rich soil are crowned by a row of hay stacks, standing like tall sentinels against the yellow glow beyond. Far to the right is a thick line of trees purpling into distance. A winding road leads

southward to a substantial green-shingled barn, suggestive of sleek well-kept cattle. Several cottages can be seen beyond, one with lazy smoke curling from the chimney. Now lights begin to appear one by one—the gleaming lights of home.

The honk of a motor from the distant road recalls me. The sky is only faintly pink and the air distinctly chill. Turning I hear the inevitable bell and hasten abruptly away.

Martha

M. Katherine Hoskins, Cornelian

Martha turned her face to the wall, and closing her eyes, sighed restlessly. Would Bill never come with the doctor, she thought. Her daughter, dish cloth in hand, paused at the half open door, but on seeing the closed eyes, she tiptoed heavily away, causing the loose boards to creak loudly under her weight. The hot sun poured in through the little window and lay in a pool of yellow light on the rough floor, while a multitude of flies crawled and buzzed around a dirty glass on the window sill. Just outside a dry fly kept up its endless, monotonous drone. The woman turned and sighed again, drawing her knotted hand over her breast as she did so. "Oh, Lord," she whispered, "how long, how long will it be?" For years she had toiled and struggled in the little clap-board kitchen with no ambition, no hope of anything better than to finish the dishes and fall down on the narrow bed in the sleep of utter exhaustion. Rest? What did she know of rest? That came when one died. She wondered again how long it would be.

Down the road came the slow, steady creak of wagon wheels and soon Bill drove around the house into the barn-yard. A moment later he appeared in the kitchen doorway and whispered heavily, "Is she a-feelin' any better, Mary?" A silent shake of the head was his only answer and he creaked on into the bed-room. "Marthy," he called hesitatingly, "Marthy, th' doctor's a-comin' before long. He'll fix you up all right." Martha raised her heavy lids, looked at him a moment, and closed them without answering. What differ-

ence did the doctor's coming make when all she wanted was to rest, rest always, with no dishes to wash, no milking to do, rest till her aching muscles ceased to quiver and she could hear the calls of the wild, free things of the wood without a feeling of cruel, aching resentment. The memory of the cool, babbling little stream where she had played as a child came to her mind. Was the old owl's nest still in the fork of the dead poplar she wondered. Was the tall fern growing on the bank above the spring? The purple phlox must be blooming there now, and the field beyond must be starred with graceful, swaying wild flowers. A smile came over Martha's face as she thought of it, and her aching body ceased its protest against existence. Her lids closed softly over her weary eyes and sleep brought the peace for which she longed. The doctor came and went, and confusion reigned in the little house, but she did not care. Martha was resting.

Sounds in the Dining-Room

Ruth Harris, '15, Adelphian

Professor Angell in his discourse on psychology tells us that all auditory sensations fall into two great classes—noises and tones. He also tells us that the number of simple noises alone is about five hundred and fifty.

If a student beginning psychology should give heed only to those auditory sensations which were stimulated by sounds in the dining-room, and, if he were of an inquiring turn of mind, he would be constrained to disagree with the learned professor in regard to the existence of one class at least of auditory sensations; namely, *tone*. For the sounds of the dining-room would effectually prove to him that there was only one great classification—noise. But with Mr. Angell's second proposition he would undoubtedly agree. And it would be proven to him beyond a doubt that there are of simple noises alone, some five hundred and fifty varieties, more or less—generally *more*.

Among the characteristics of the sound waves stimulating his cerebral cortex, the student would observe *intensity* and

variation. But there is another more important characteristic which might wholly escape the unthinking mind, the fact that variation and intensity fluctuate with apparent regularity.

Let us examine further into these characteristics. We know that sound in the dining-room possesses intensity. This may be shown by placing a new student in the dining-room for the first time. The intensity of sound almost invariably renders her incapable of eating. We also know that there is variation in this sound, and that it is somehow linked with intensity. This may be seen by close observation for one day.

At breakfast the sound is rather low and fluctuating. It proceeds haltingly and half-heartedly, now seeming almost to stop, then beginning again, rising and falling. At luncheon the sound is louder, more regular and more sustained. At dinner it becomes loudest, and at times becomes a perfect uproar. Now these peculiarities occur not only on one day, but on every day. Therefore we may safely conclude, as above stated, that variation and intensity fluctuate with apparent regularity.

Now, the student may say that sometimes at luncheon or at dinner the noise may be tremendously greater than on other days, and he may ask, "What is the cause of that?" It has not yet been ascertained with any degree of certainty, but it seems highly probable that this excess of sound is caused by some great outside stimuli which appear irregularly, and all of which have not yet been discovered. Investigation has shown some of such stimuli to be as follows: Sunday and Friday nights, Initiation, Election of Marshals, the Thanksgiving debate and the approach of Christmas. At any rate we may very accurately infer that excess of sound in the dining-room occurs in direct proportion to the greatness of certain stimuli from without.

Sleepy Land

Carey Wilson, Cornelian

There's a faraway country called Lullaby Land,
 Where the fairies come and go;
 Where goblin ghosts and elfin sprites,
 With fluttering robes and dancing lights,
 Go flitting to and fro.

In this region of dreams, from the dark till the dawn,
 There's the patter of childish feet,
 Of good little boys and dear little girls
 With stout little legs and soft little curls,
 And faces round and sweet.

The most wonderful thing in this beautiful land,
 Is the magic wish-fire's glow;
 A hero brave with a lady of old,
 Or a princess fair with a knight so bold,
 If you would have it so.

When the sun hides himself and the stars twinkle out,
 It is time to stop your play;
 You cuddle in bed and don't dare to blink,
 Or wiggle around, or even to *think*.
 You're gone till break of day!



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No. 2

Initiation has come and gone. Over night many staunch would-be Adelphians were metamorphosed into ardent young Cornelians, and vice versa. It is beautiful, this spirit of society loyalty. It is a fine test, too, this season of initiation; a conscious trial to the old girls to meet each little situation honorably, an unconscious test of the new girls, in many cases, showing the real temper of the steel. Is it not a fine thing to see a person by sheer force of will turn disappointment into ardent loyalty? There are many other occasions in which we either do ourselves credit or shame, and the measure we have set seems good. However small it may appear to those who are not acquainted with our life, to those who know this is one of the biggest things in our college.

The problem of tardiness at meals seems to have been solved to a certain degree this year. At least, **DE GUSTIBUS** there are not so many stragglers, and what is more to our credit, there is no penalty to pay, such as "signing up". The girls seem to be striving to get into the dining-room on time. Many of the tables have formed into little communities, and among themselves are trying to better the condition that existed last year. For instance they require each girl to pay a small fine if she is late or absent without good excuse. Some are equally zealous in instituting another much needed reform, viz.: the refraining from grumbling about the food. This seems to us quite as much worth while. It is so very easy to become a chronic grumbler about things in general. But surely this particular form is in especially bad taste. Let us as self-respecting young women "mind the manners" we were taught at home. The punishment of our childhood years is no longer to be feared, but a weightier one threatens—a surer, if not so swift, in the lowering of our own self-esteem.

Perhaps no incident of the day seems more trivial than that of a dog crossing the campus,—and indeed it **"THE CAMPUS DOG"** would remain trivial did he but *cross* the campus instead of remaining to enjoy the attentions of the girls. A dog is wonderfully susceptible to affection and his head is easily turned even by a small amount of it. He forgets home and master, and determines upon this as his permanent abode. He follows the girls about, even sneaking into the buildings, thereby occasioning much annoyance to the truly fastidious. Finally he becomes a universal nuisance and the college attendants are forced to shoot him. Doubtless the older students will recall the tragic fate of "Hash" and the grief caused thereby. Since this occurs repeatedly it calls for some consideration on our part. To show real kindness, we should pass the stray dog by unnoticed.

Work! Work! Work! Work for your studies, work for your society, work for the Y. W. C. A., work for your class, work for your team—oh yes, your schedule has time for work on it. But we all know what became of Jack—is there time for *play* on it? Why, the period from 4:30 to 5:15 p. m. is your play time. It is unavoidable that the very purposefulness of this period tends to make the observance of it seem work, and so let us see to it that we play all the more during that time. Let us lay aside lessons and worries and get out in the open and enjoy ourselves. And can we not let the same principle apply in all our college life? Can we not work completely while we work and play completely while we play? That would indeed be a triumph; so let us begin by not talking shop. During walking period, at table, on the halls, in the gymnasium, can't we try to adapt ourselves to the spirit of our surroundings, and thus improve that spirit? If we can succeed in doing this, we will accomplish immeasurably more in all our activities, and be ourselves happier the while.



Young Women's Christian Association Notes

Lila Melvin, '14, Adelpkian

On Tuesday, October 28th, Dr. W. D. Weatherford, International Secretary to the World's Student Volunteer Movement, visited the College. On Tuesday afternoon at 3:30, Dr. Weatherford met the Association cabinet and members of the Student Volunteer Band, and talked to them about "The Breadth of Association Work" and the influence of cabinet members. At 4:30 he met the leaders of the Bible and mission study classes and discussed the "Increase of Bible Study". In the evening, to the Association as a whole, Dr. Weatherford made an address on "The Negro Problem in the South".

Miss Eleanor Corey, one of the traveling secretaries for the Student Volunteer Movement, visited the college in behalf of the Student Volunteer Conference, which meets at Kansas City from December 31 to January 4, on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, October 25, 26, and 27. Sunday morning Miss Corey met the Association cabinet and discussed the Kansas City Conference. At 4:30 on Sunday she met the Student Volunteer Band in an open meeting at which she reviewed the present situation in China, Japan, and India, and discussed questions on Why a Girl Should or Should Not Go to the Foreign Field. At the Sunday vesper service Miss Corey talked to the Association about the Kansas City Conference. As a result of Miss Corey's visit, much enthusiasm in regard to the conference has been aroused. This Association hopes to send its full number of delegates—five students, one faculty delegate, and the general secretary, to the conference. The student body as a whole has elected Maude Bunn to represent the Association; the Student Volunteer Band is to send Hattie Coats, as their delegate. The other delegates are yet to be chosen.

The regular Wednesday evening prayer services for the month have been as follows: October 1st, Mary Worth spoke on "Friendship"; October 8th, Rev. James Lapsley, who was attending the meeting of the Synod at that time, spoke on "The Perfect Woman"; October 15th, Jeannette Musgrove spoke on "The Power of Prayer"; October 22, Maude Bunn and Katherine Erwin were in charge of a business meeting, at which the constitution, which had been remodeled, was presented to the Association; October 28th, Dr. Weatherford addressed the Association.

Sunday evening, October 5th, was Mission and Bible Study Rally Night. Nina Garner, Chairman of the Bible Study Committee, had charge of the meeting. Miss Mary Porter, Secretary for the South

Atlantic States, spoke on "Bible Study". Mrs. Ralph Sykes of the city, was soloist.

On Sunday evening, October 12, Dr. C. M. Richards, from the Synod meeting, led the services. Catherine Lapsley sang.

A report from the Blue Ridge Conference was given on the evening of October 19th by some of the delegates who attended the conference. The program was as follows: Marguerite Brooks, "The Hall and Setting"; Bertha Stanbury, "The Evening Services"; Elizabeth Hall, "Technical Councils"; Maude Bunn, "Conference Leaders"; Sidney Doughty, "The All-Summer Girls"; Mary Green, "Social Life"; Alice Robbins, "Classes and Teachers at the Conference"; Fannie Robertson, "Conference Management"; Annie Scott, "Student Volunteers"; Hallie Beavers, "The Dining-Room".

The Blue Ridge Club which consists of those girls who have attended the Blue Ridge Conference, has been organized. Its officers are Mazie Kirkpatrick, president; Hallie Beavers, vice-president; Sidney Doughty, secretary; Lynette Swain and Roselle Ditmore, bazaar chairmen.

The membership of the Association is at present 573 members, of which 44 are faculty members.

A meeting of the North Carolina Associations will be held at Meredith College and Peace Institute, November 15-17. Miss Miller, our general secretary, is one of the leaders.



Society Notes

With the Adelphians

Annie V. Scott, '14, Adelpgian

On the evening of October 25th, the annual initiation of the Adelpgian Literary Society took place, one hundred and fifty-one new members being received into the society. Following the initiation a pleasing three-course banquet was served in the dining hall of the Spencer Building. The tables, arranged in the emblematic diamond of the Adelpghians, were artistically decorated with yellow chrysanthemums and autumn foliage. The banquet was served by twenty-four girls dressed in the Grecian costume.

The toastmistress of the occasion was Elizabeth Long. The following toasts were given during the evening:

To the Spirit of Service in Our College	Edith Avery
Response	Dr. Foust
To our New Members—"A Glorious company—the fair beginning of a newer time"	Fannie Robertson
Response	Elizabeth Moses
To the Faculty—"Who stand four square to all the winds that blow"	Ruth Gunter
Response	Mr. R. A. Merritt
To the Cornelians—"We are sisters a' "	Elsie House
Response	Ethie Garrett
To the Alumnae—Our sure foundation	Kate Jones
Response	Jamie Bryant
To the Future	Eunice Sinclair
Response	————

To add to the enjoyment of the guests, Brockmann's Orchestra, half-hidden by palms, rendered soft music throughout the evening. Between toasts the following Greek tableaux were given in a beautifully improvised Grecian temple:

Hermes	Margaret Smith
Artemis	Merrill Shelton
Athene	Louise Goodwin
Pandora	Alleine Minor
Moirae	{ Catherine Lapsley
	{ Alice Robbins
	{ Sudie Landon

Eros and Psyche	Katherine Cobb
	Emma Wilson
Niobe	Octavia Jordan
Electra	Gladys Avery
Antigone and Ismene	Coline Austin, Irma Deans

Cornelian Notes

Annie E. Bostian, '14, Cornelian

The literary program of the Cornelian Society for October 10, was "A Night with North Carolina Authors." Miss Harris sang "Mammy's Sleepy Song," the words by John Charles McNeill and the music by Mrs. Harden, also a North Carolinian. Miss Clara Byrd read "The Count and the Wedding Guest", by O. Henry, and Mrs. Sharpe recited Joseph Holden's "Hatteras". As this was so thoroughly enjoyed, she recited a few other poems which happened not to be written by North Carolina authors.

The Cornelian Literary Society held its annual initiation on the evening of October 24th. This year one hundred and forty-four new members were taken into the society, seven of whom, Mr. and Mrs. Balcomb, Miss Potwine, Miss Neal, Dr. Huse, Miss Souseley, and Miss Reincken, were honorary members. After the initiatory exercises the new members, faculty, and visitors were given a banquet in the dining hall of the Spencer Building.

The banquet hall was beautifully and artistically decorated with palms. The tables were lovely in their decorations of tall yellow chrysanthemums. A single yellow chrysanthemum and a menu card engraved with the society monogram of blue and gold, was placed for each guest. In the rear of the dining hall Brockmann's Orchestra furnished music during the evening.

Miss Iris Leola Holt gracefully presided as toastmistress. The toasts were as follows:

To the New Girls	Louise Bell
Response	Imogene Scott
To Our Guests	Carey Wilson
Response	Mr. Robert Douglas
To the Faculty	Berthel Mitchell
Response	Miss Bryan
To the Adelphians	Louise Jones
Response	Coline Austin
To the Alumnae	Kate May Streetman
Response	Miss Nash
To the Press	Ruth Hampton
Response	Mrs. Al Fairbrother
To Our Next Meeting	Esther Mitchell
Response	Miss Miller
To the College	Sarah Perrin Shuford
Response	Dr. Foust



Among Ourselves

Eleanor Morgan, '14, Cornelian

On Friday evening, October 3rd, the Senior Class presented Anthony Hope's delightful comedy, "Two Wagers and What Came of Them," The cast of characters was.

Earl of Hassenden	Margaret Smith
Sir George Sylvester	Sarah Perrin Shuford
The Rev. Mr. Blimboe	Lalla Daughety
Mr. Dent	Louise Bell
Mr. Castleton	Fannie Starr Mitchell
Mr. Devereaux	Alice Robbins
Mr. Ward	Lillian Reeves
Sir Robert Clifford	Fannie Robertson
Quilton	Effie Newton
Mills	Effie Baynes
Servant	Ruth Gunter
Mrs. Fenton	Elsie House
Dorothy Fenton	Eleanor Morgan
The Lady Ursula Barrington	Maude Bunn

The fifth of October falling on Sunday, this year Founder's Day, set apart to celebrate the opening of the institution twenty-one years ago and to honor the memory of its founder, Dr. McIver, was observed on October 4th. Before the exercises the Alumnae met in one of the society halls and paid a signal tribute to our lady principal, Miss Kirkland, presenting her a beautiful pearl necklace and pendant as a token of their love and appreciation.

Shortly before eleven o'clock the entire student body formed around McIver monument, and led by Dr. Foust and distinguished guests, marched to the Students' Building. The exercises were opened with an invocation by Rev. J. Clyde Turner, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Greensboro. Dr. Foust briefly announced the purpose of the meeting, then read a number of messages of loving greeting from the Alumnae. After the audience had sung "America", Dr. Foust introduced the speaker of the occasion, Hon. John H. Small, Congressman of the First North Carolina District. He spoke of the service of this college to the state, service which is but the fulfillment of the purposes and ideals of those who founded the institution—ideals of democracy and equal opportunity. The address was followed with a solo by Miss Severson, of the faculty, "Be of Good Comfort," by Cowen. The services were closed with the

benediction by Dr. S. B. Turrentine of the Greensboro College for Women.

Friday evening, October 17th, a reception was given by the members of the faculty to the new members of the faculty, in the college library. In the first receiving line were Dr. and Mrs. Foust, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Matheson. Introducing the guests to the receiving line were Mrs. Albright and Miss Raines. In the second receiving line were the charter members of the faculty—Miss Kirkland, Miss Boddie, Miss Mendenhall, Miss Fort, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Forney, and Mrs. Charles D. McIver. During the evening selections were played by the orchestra which was hidden behind a bank of beautiful palms. Delicious ice cream and cake were served.

Professor W. C. Smith, head of the English department, is delivering a course of ten lectures on the leading American poets, to the Literature Department of the Greensboro Woman's Club. The seating capacity of the Elks' lodge room was taxed on the evening of October 23rd by the large and cultured audience which greeted Mr. Smith at the opening lecture.

There has recently been organized at this institution a club already famous, and justly famous. Famous for speed, endurance, and energy—to say nothing of rosy cheeks and tousled locks—its first feats have excited the admiration and the sighs of the entire student body. I refer to the Walking Club. Really, it sounds like quite an interesting proposition—and it looks so sometimes—are you going to belong?

Visitors at the college recently have been: Mrs. Morris, of Fremont; Miss May Lovelace, of Wilson; Miss Catherine Bunn, of Rocky Mount; Mr. and Mrs. Harper, of Lenoir; Miss Dixie Martin, of Salisbury; Miss Mary Porter, of Concord; Miss Jessie Gainey, of Fayetteville; Miss Sadie Rice, of Reidsville; Miss Jamie Bryan, of Greenville; Miss Mary Bruner, of Asheville; Mrs. Tempie Harris, of Morganton; Misses May Gay and Sallie Powell, of Goldsboro; Misses Coats and Eaton, of Reidsville; Miss Mary Van Poole, of Pleasant Garden; Miss Ruth Patton, of High Point; Miss Lily Batterham, of Asheville; Miss Margaret Berry and Miss Rachel Lynch, of Chapel Hill; Misses Ivey and Slaughter, of Hamlet; Miss Lucy Shepherd, of Winston; Miss Corrinne Morrison, of Statesville; Miss Kathleen Long, of Graham; Miss Margaret Cronley, of Wilmington; Miss Mary Cliff Bennett, of Rockingham; Miss Shelton Zoeller, of Elizabeth City.

On Saturday evening, Nov. 1st, the Freshmen were given a Hallo-we'en party by the Sophomores at Lindley Park. At an early hour the classes went to the park in street cars, where they found themselves in a veritable gypsy camp with tents, covered wagons, fortune tellers, pots, and bonfires, etc. A beautiful gypsy dance was given at the pavilion and the party feasted on apples, peanuts, popcorn, marshmallows, bananas, and coffee.

The invitations for this event were as follows:

“Get ready, dear freshmen, don’t dress too fine,
You’re to come to the car line—
Price of carfare you need not mind.
Sophomores to Freshmen try to be kind.
You’re to be ready two hours before nine.”

In one corner of this card was a gaily painted tambourine and at the opposite corner were crossed sticks and a huge kettle.



Exchanges

Julia M. Canaday, '15, Cornelian

Only a few exchanges have reached us thus far; among these we acknowledge The Trinity Archive and The Wake Forest Student.

The Archive contains some good poetry, "A Distant Song" being the best. "The Derelict Ship" is fairly good. The stories, however, do not measure up to the usual standard.

After reading The Wake Forest Student we feel greatly encouraged. While the poetry is a little disappointing, the stories, taken as a whole, are really good. The two mountain stories, "Playing Poker by Proxy" and "Cupid on Banjo Branch", are entertaining and characteristic of the mutual fidelity existing between typical mountaineers. "When Judge Winter said 'Shoo'" is another interesting story, containing a bit of humor and showing the author to possess some knowledge of life. The two articles, "Athletics in College" and "Attempts at Communistic Life in America", are also worthy of mention.



In Lighter Vein

Edith C. Haight, '14, Adelpgian

'BOUT THANKSGIVING TIME

You can talk about your consommé,
Your blanc mange and mayonaisse,
And everything from gay Paree;
But *they* don't win any praise.

For 'long about this time o' year,
When Turkey's bound to die,
The kind o' food that I hold dear
Is plain old "punkin" pie!

—E. C. A.

In Economics. Miss E.: "Where do the Indians live?"

B. S.: "The government has made reservoirs for them."

D. A., passing Students' Building: "What is that noise?"

D. S.: "I can't imagine. It sounds like a Jews harp to me."

Dr. Foust, coming up behind: "Young ladies, that is the new pipe organ."

New girl (inquiringly): "What is the difference between the Cornelian and Adelpgian Societies?"

Old girl: "I don't know."

New girl: "Do you mean to tell me you have been up here four years and don't know that?"

B. P.: "I just believe initiation is going to be next Friday and Saturday nights."

B. M. (aghast): "Don't tell me it is to last two nights! I am afraid I'd be indisposed after the first night was over."

In Physics. Mr. Hammel, after a discussion of the weight of air: "You see, that is the reason a man gets tired. There are five tons pressing on him all the time."

A. B.: "Well, isn't there that much pressing on a girl, too?"

In psychology. Mr. Merritt, speaking of man's development of the forces of nature: "Not so very long ago we put gasoline in machinery. What is being done now?"

F. B. (laconically): "Riding."

New girl, looking at Dr. McIver's picture in the chapel: "Isn't that a good picture of Benjamin Franklin?"

The following are the salient points in a Training School child's description of one of her instructors:

Dress—"A gingham shirt and a black calico skirt with a grey sweater."

Hair—"Black and stringy."

Eyes—"Black and 'poppy'."

Nose—"Turned up at the end."

Mouth—"Screwed up."

Teeth: "Not many."

New girl, after the blessing had been asked the first morning in the dining hall: "Who was that who asked the benediction?"

Newly initiated member at banquet, examining list of tableaux: "Whoever wrote this forgot to put the 'Ward' after Artemis. I don't see why they should have a tableau of Artemis Ward anyway."

After lunch the first Sunday of this year, a certain new girl asked her chum: "Is it time for 'sitting still' period right now?"

New girl: "Which society are you going to join?"

Second new girl: "The Y. W. C. A."

DEFINITIONS OF NORTH CAROLINA

North Carolina is a vale of humility between two mountains of conceit.

A South Carolinian, a Virginian, and a North Carolinian were talking together.

South Carolinian: "No other state has furnished a Pinckney."

Virginian: "No other state has produced so many presidents as Virginia."

South Carolinian, turning to the North Carolina man: "Can't you say something for North Carolina?"

North Carolinian: "Well, I don't know much about it except that it is a strip of land five hundred and three miles long, and one hundred and eighty-seven miles wide, with South Carolina and Virginia *lying* on either side."

FEEDING TIME

Standing by the entrance of a large estate in the suburbs of Glasgow are two huge dogs carved out of granite. An Englishman, going by in a hack, thought he would have some fun with the Scotch driver.

"How often, Jack, do they feed those two big dogs?"

"Whenever they bark, sir," was the straight-faced reply.

SHE HAD A GOOD TIME

A distinguished society leader of New York, lately returned from a motor trip through France, said that her most delightful experience was hearing the French pheasants singing the mayonnaise.—*Everybody's Magazine*.

Since we parted yester-eve,
I do hate thee, Math., believe
Twelve times surer, twelve hours longer,
One dream deeper, one night stronger,
One sun surer; this much more
Than I hated thee, Math., before.

M. W. B. '14, Adelphian.

ECONOMY

“Of course, I want my daughter to have some kind of artistic education. I think I’ll let her study singing.”

“Why not art or literature?”

“Art spoils canvas and literature wastes reams of paper. Singing merely produces a temporary disturbance of the atmosphere.”—*Tit-Bits*.

A BOY’S REASON

A Boston man has a son who has just entered school. He was supposed to be enjoying it, but one morning he walked into the dining-room where his father was having breakfast, and remarked:

“I’m tired of going to school, pa. I think I’ll stop.”

“Why?” asked the father; “what is your objection to going to school?”

“Oh,” answered the boy, “it breaks up the day so.”—*Boston Record*.

HIS BUSY DAY

“Busy day?”

“Terribly busy. I got to the office so late that I almost missed a very important luncheon engagement. Luncheon kept me so long that I nearly forgot a golf match, and when I got through with that I barely had time to get ready for a theatre party. Still, I don’t mind having to hustle. It takes activity to keep business going these days.”—*Washington Star*.

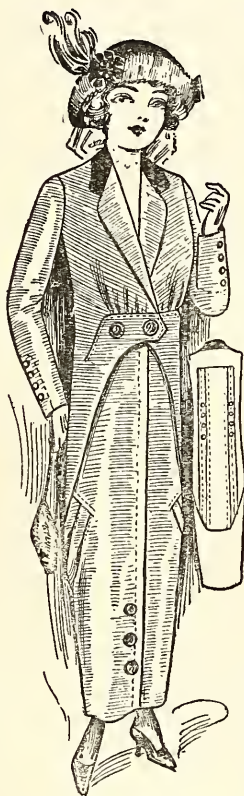
THE WAYS OF LILY

Lily smashed the Royal Gems,
And drowned the keeper in the Thames!
What does this girlish prank denote?
Oh, just that Lily wants to vote.

—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

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pleased the many young ladies is
indicated by their continued trade
after they have graduated and gone
to their homes.

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their daughters, become aware of the
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